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Heartbroken but still in love, Debbie pleads:

**“Don’t hurt Eddie...  
Don’t hurt my husband”**

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**THE STORY BEHIND BRIGITTE BARDOT'S  
WEDDING ANNOUNCEMENT**



JOHN SAXON, STAR OF UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL'S "THE RESTLESS YEARS"



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Her hair has that look-again look

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COSTUME BY A LA CARTE

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WITHOUT BLEACHING or DYEING

# modern screen

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POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3579, to 321 West 44 Street, New York 36, New York.

MODERN SCREEN, Vol. 52, No. 11, December 1958. Published monthly except January by Dell Publishing Co., Inc. Office of publication at Washington and South Aves., Dunellen, N. J. Executive and editorial offices, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. **Dell Subscription Service:** 321 W. 44 St., New York 36, N. Y. Chicago advertising office 221 No. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill. Albert P. Delacorte, Publisher; Helen Meyer, President; Paul R. Lilly, Executive Vice-President; Harold Clark, Vice-President-Advertising Director. Published simultaneously in the Dominion of Canada. International copyright secured under the provisions of the Revised Convention for the protection of Literary and Artistic Works. All rights reserved under the Buenos Aires Convention. Single copy price 25c in U. S. A. and Possessions and Canada. Subscription in U. S. A. and Canada \$2.25 one year, \$3.50 two years, \$4.75 three years; foreign, \$3.25 a year. Second class postage paid at Dunellen, New Jersey. Copyright 1958 by Dell Publishing Co., Inc. Printed in U. S. A. The publishers accept no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material. Trademark No. 596800.



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play about **sex**

in the

suburbs!



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"Have Lips, Will Kiss  
In The Tunnel Of Love"  
"Skedaddle, Skidoo"

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**DORIS DAY • RICHARD WIDMARK**

*The bride who wanted a little one!*

*The husband who wanted a little fun!*



  
**The Tunnel of Love**

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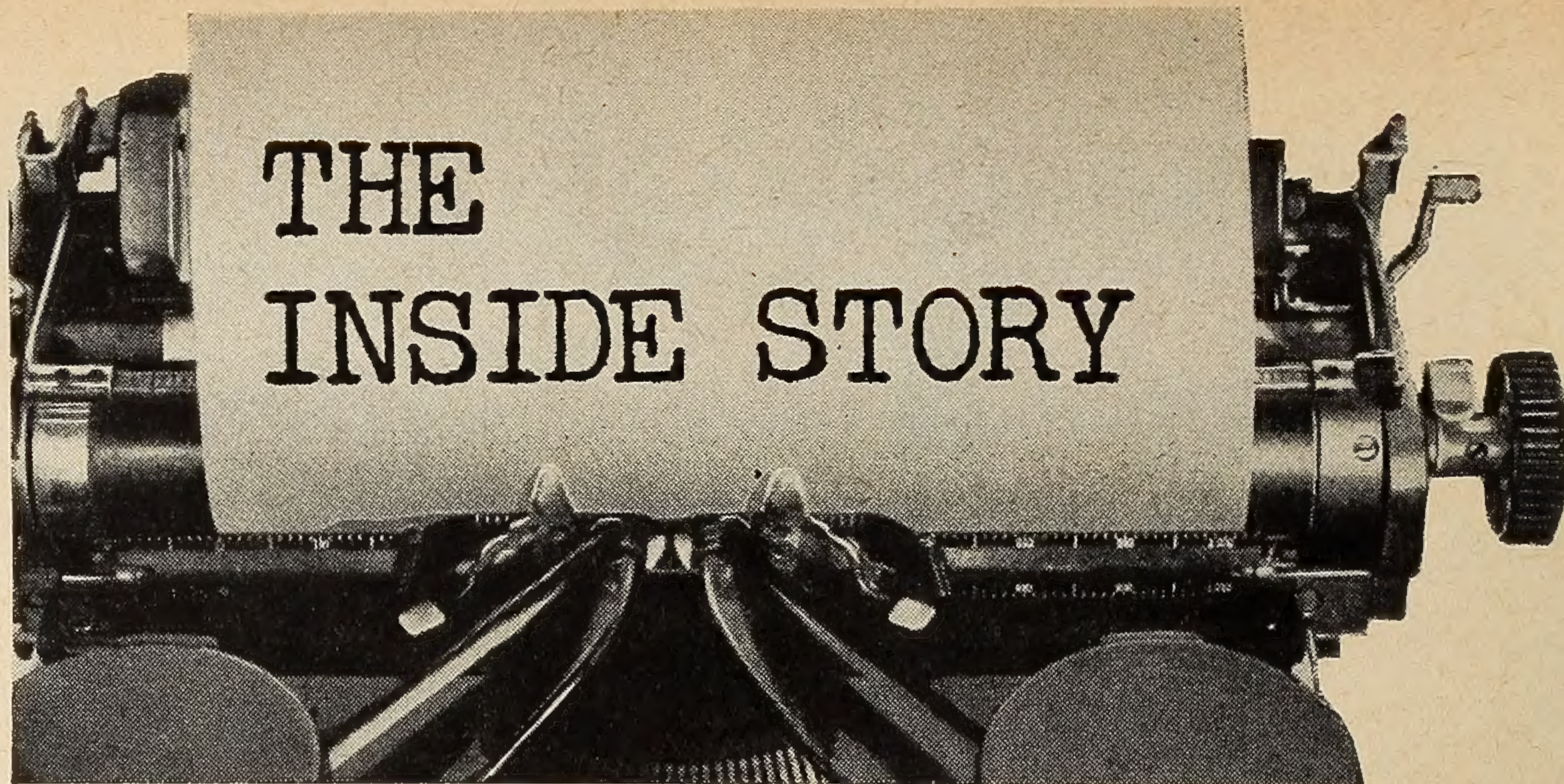
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## THE INSIDE STORY



Want the real truth? Write to **INSIDE STORY**, Modern Screen, Box 515, Times Square P.O., N.Y. 36, N.Y. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q Is **Elvis Presley** secretly married?

—S.B., NEWARK, N.J.

A *If he is, it's really a secret.*

Q Wasn't **Tab Hunter** supposed to be in *Darby's Rangers*?

—B.A., LOUISVILLE, KY.

A *Tab was originally signed for the role but changed his mind. James Garner took over instead.*

Q What will **Clark Gable's** next picture be?

—R.B., AKRON, N.Y.

A *BUT NOT FOR ME for Paramount.*

Q What is **Kathryn Grayson's** real name?

—H.U., KEENE, N.H.

A *Zelma Hedrik.*

Q Does **Debbie Reynolds** drink?

—G.L., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

A *Coffee and tea, sometimes water.*

Q Is **Louis Jourdan** married?

—S.M., HOUSTON, TEXAS

A *He was married in 1944 to Bertha Frederique.*

Q Is **Ray Danton** married? Does he have any children?

—A.S., MALDEN, MASS.

A *Ray married Julie Adams in 1955, and they have one child.*

Q We hear so little of **Richard Widmark**. What does he do in his spare time?

—R.C., LISBON, IOWA

A *He spends most of it with his wife Jean and their child.*

Q Has **Richard Long**, **Susan Ball's** widower, remarried?

—G.L., WATERFORD, CONN.

A *After Susan's death, Richard married Mara Corday in 1957.*

Q How old is **Hugh O'Brian** and do you think he will ever marry **Nancy Sinatra**?

—B.S., NEW YORK, N.Y.

A *Hugh is 33 years old. He's been dating Nancy and there's always a possibility of marriage.*

Q Did **Marilyn Monroe** make some recordings for RCA?

—D.H., JAMAICA, IOWA

A *She made one recording called THERE'S NO BUSINESS LIKE SHOW BUSINESS.*

Q In what years were **Ozzie Nelson** and **Harriet Hilliard** born?

—J.D., CHICAGO, ILL.

A *They were both born in 1907, Ozzie on March 20 and Harriet on July 18.*

Q How long have **Janet Leigh** and **Tony Curtis** been married?

—D.C., TALLAHASSEE, FLA.

A *Since 1951.*

Q What has happened to **Valli** who starred in *The Miracle Of The Bells*?

—L.S., ROME, GEORGIA

A *She lives in Italy and is a popular star there. Her latest picture is THIS ANGRY AGE with Tony Perkins.*

Q What is **Liz Taylor's** real name? When was she born and where?

—C.Y., CHICKASHA, OKLA.

A *Elizabeth Rosemond Taylor. She was born on February 27, 1932, in England while her parents were in Europe buying pictures for their art gallery in New York.*

Q Did **Elvis Presley** ever make any movies other than *King Creole*?

—M.S., NEW CASTLE, DELAWARE

A *LOVING YOU, JAILHOUSE ROCK and LOVE ME TENDER.*

Q What movies has **Lizbeth Scott** made lately?

—R.A., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A *Her last film was LOVING YOU in 1957.*

Q Which actresses have been married only once and are still married?

—D.W., CHICAGO, ILL.

A *Lucille Ball, Marge Champion, Jeanne Crain, Irene Dunne, Betty Garrett, Gina Lollobrigida, Virginia Mayo, Dorothy McGuire, Thelma Ritter, Jane Russell, Rosalind Russell, Gale Storm—and many others.*

Q Has **Montgomery Cliff** ever been married?

—F.M.V., TRINIDAD, COLO.

A *No.*

Q Could you please tell me if **Jerry Lee Lewis** wears a wig or not?

—K.J., ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.

A *He doesn't.*

Q Is **Dick Clark** going to make any movies?

—L.M., IMPERIAL BEACH, CALIF.

A *Not in the near future.*

Q Whatever happened to the once popular **Veronica Lake**?

—B.M., ELGIN, ILL.

A *She acted in summer stock theater this summer on the East Coast. There are no immediate plans for her to make a movie.*



Now the performance and the story that have made this the most discussed motion picture this year!

**JEAN SIMMONS**

*"IT'S  
BEEN A  
YEAR  
SINCE  
YOU'VE  
TOUCHED  
ME"*

A young girl and the  
stunning shock that  
marriage brings her.



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# Sally's GAY WITH MIDOL



## NEW MOVIES

by *florence epstein*

WORTH  
SEEING  
THIS  
MONTH

### FOR SPECTACLE

*The Barbarian and The Geisha*  
*The Inn of the Sixth Happiness*

### FOR DRAMA

*Separate Tables*  
*In Love and War*

### FOR MUSIC

*Damn Yankees*

### FOR LAUGHS

*The Tunnel of Love*

### FOR HORSEPLAY

*Born Reckless*



Ingrid Bergman (right) becomes indispensable to Robert Donat (left), and Curt Jurgens, an Eurasian officer in the Chinese army, in *THE INN OF THE SIXTH HAPPINESS*.

### THE INN OF THE SIXTH HAPPINESS

*Bergman plays missionary*  
Ingrid Bergman  
Curt Jurgens  
Robert Donat  
Athene Seyler  
Michael David

■ Ingrid is a servant girl who has a burning desire to work as a missionary in China. Anyone can tell her she's unqualified. So she hoards her small salary and buys a ticket on the Trans-Siberian Railway—and almost winds up in a labor camp. Finally she arrives at the remote mountain town of Wancheng. This 'foreign devil' soon becomes indispensable to the Mandarin (Robert Donat) who has tested her by making her his Foot Inspector—she has to enforce a new law which forbids the binding of little girls' feet. She also becomes indispensable romantically—to Curt Jurgens, an Eurasian officer in the Chinese army. Ingrid is no mere do-gooder; she loves China and its people and becomes a citizen. Breathtaking mountain scenery, vivid and shocking scenes of civilian bombing, heart-warming incidents inspired by Ingrid's indomitable courage—go to make *The Inn* something to remember.—CINEMASCOPE, 20TH-FOX.

### THE BARBARIAN AND THE GEISHA

*spectacle in Japan*

John Wayne  
Eiko Ando  
Sam Jaffe  
So Yamamura  
Kohichi Umino

■ For sheer spectacle alone this is an outstanding film. The setting is the empire of Japan in 1856, untouched by Western influence. Here—in color and filmed in Japan—the costumes, the pageantry and the emotional atmosphere

are brilliantly recreated. Townsend Harris (John Wayne) sails into the small port of Shimoda as United States Consul General to Japan, but Governor So Yamamura forbids him to land; he does not recognize the treaty between the countries. John Wayne insists on recognition and is reluctantly given a house. But he and his interpreter, Sam Jaffe, are either harrassed or ignored by the superstitious population who hate and fear foreigners. In order to learn more about his enemy, Yamamura provides Wayne with a beautiful geisha girl, Eiko Ando, who is supposed to spy on him but becomes enchanted instead. Wayne becomes a sort of hero to the villagers when he stops a fierce cholera epidemic, and they escort him in an elaborate procession to the capital where he can advance his country's cause to the shogun. The colorful incidents are unforgettable. More than history, more than a love story, the film is a gorgeous documentary of an exotic land.—CINEMASCOPE, 20TH-FOX.

### THE TUNNEL OF LOVE

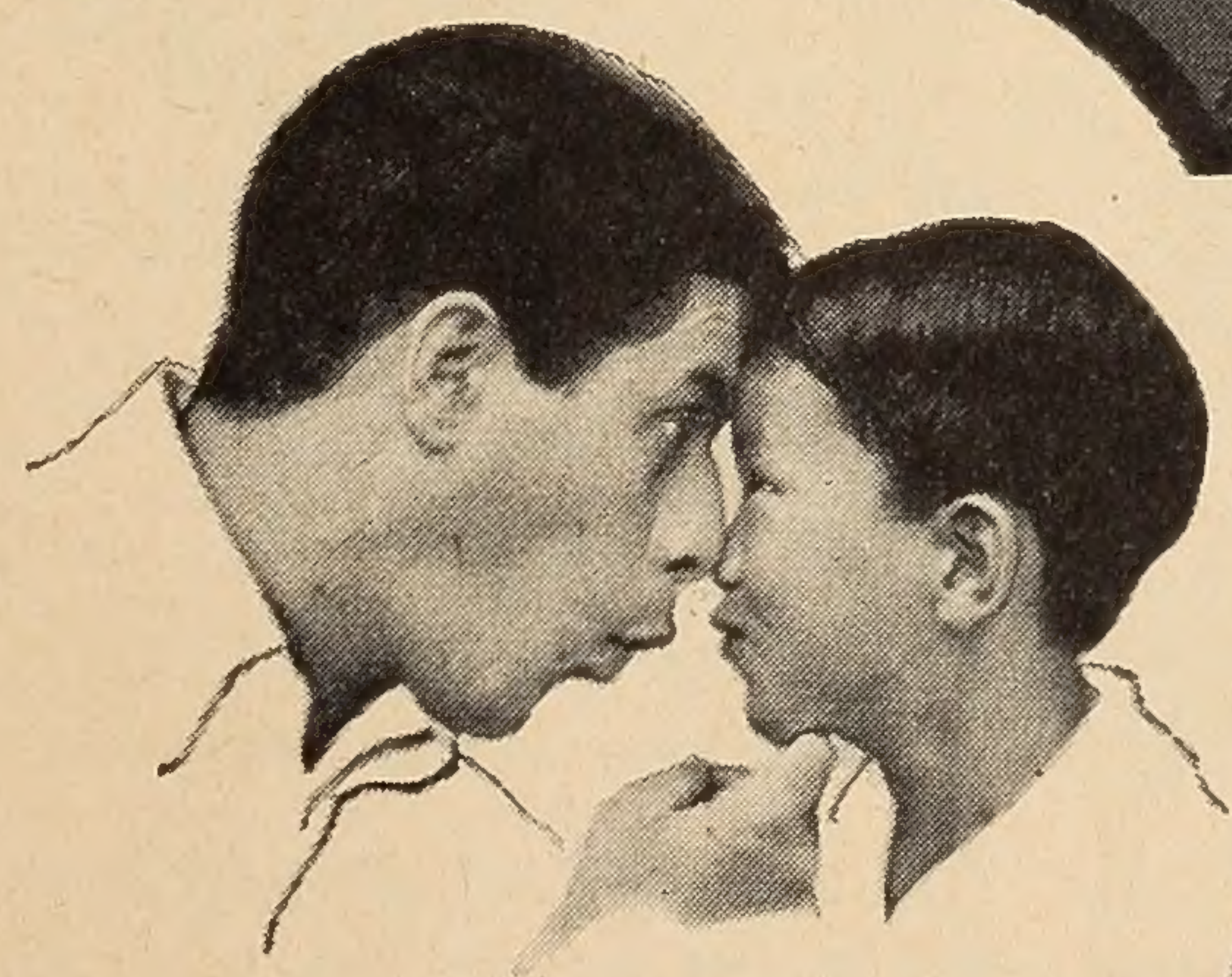
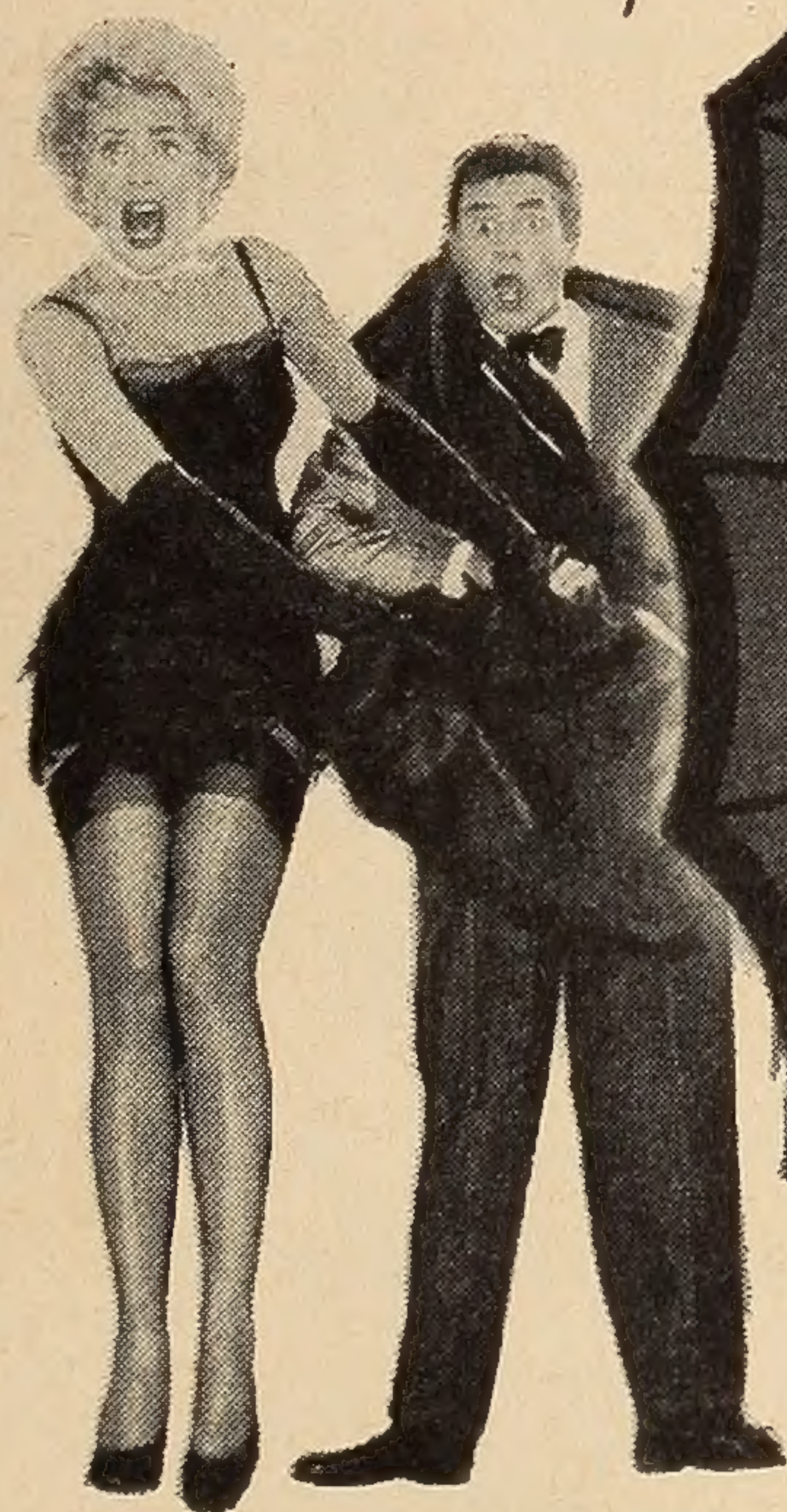
*and baby makes three!*

Richard Widmark  
Doris Day  
Gig Young  
Gia Scala  
Elizabeth Fraser

■ There's just no justice in the world. Take a man like Gig Young; he plays fast and loose with the ladies but still manages to keep his wife happily supplied with offspring. Then take commercial artist Richard Widmark who is a model mate. He and his wife Doris Day want a child. But (Continued on page 8)



NO.1  
**FUN  
 BOY  
 GOES  
 ORIENTAL!**



PARAMOUNT PRESENTS

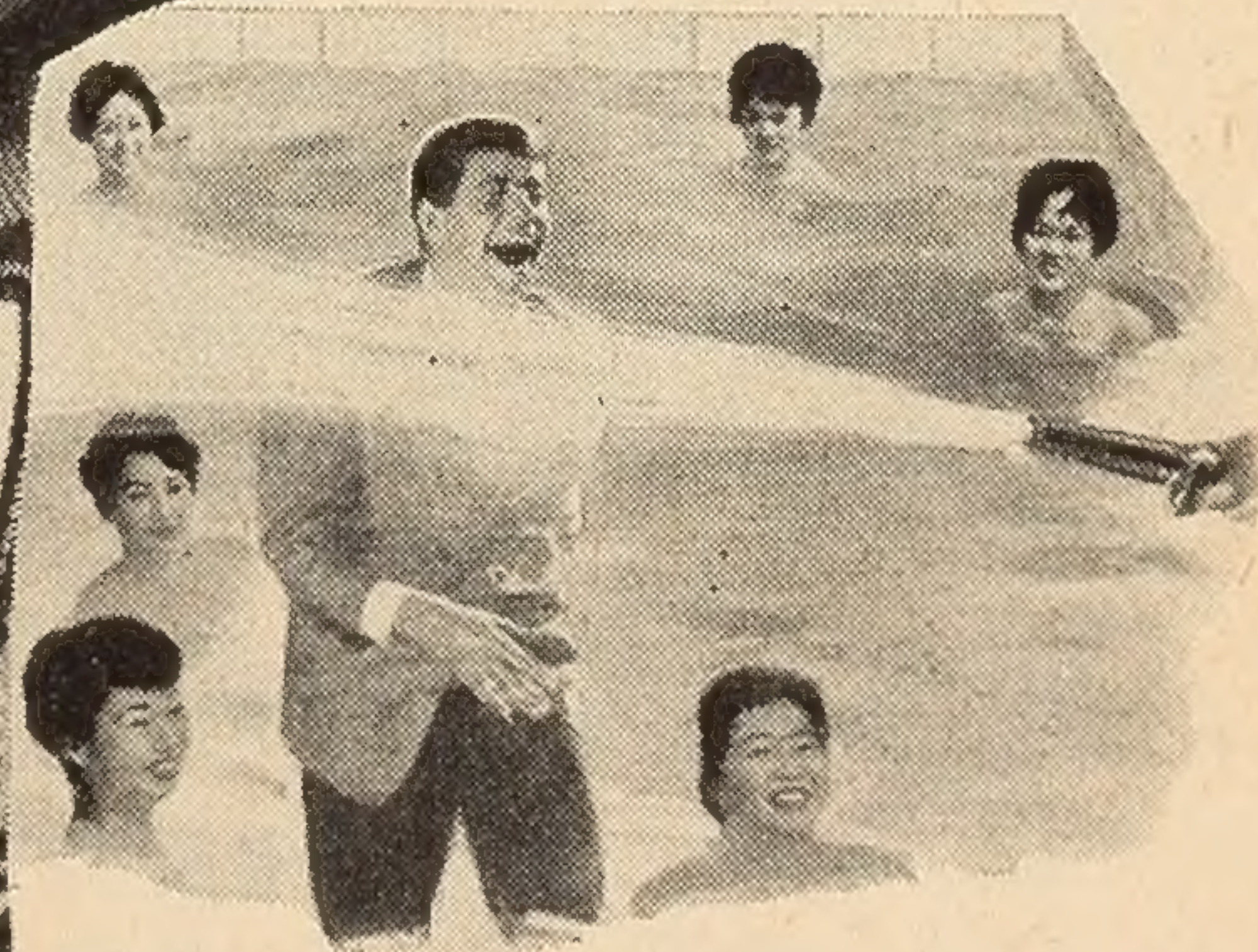
**JERRY  
 LEWIS**

in

**The  
 Geisha  
 Boy**

Jerry  
 in Japan-  
 oh, man!  
 It's his  
funniest  
ever...  
 strictly  
 "sayonara"  
 to sanity!

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the magic witchery of Paris  
everytime you puff  
on your powder!



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Thrill to this fabulous new face powder that clings and clings every second it tantalizes with the lingering fragrance of Evening in Paris. You never had a face powder so light, so deliciously fragrant, so long lasting. Hurry! Get this first-time special today and be *very* special tonight.

8 CREATED IN PARIS. MADE BY BOURJOIS IN U.S.A.

## new movies

(Continued from page 6) when an adoption agency sends Gia Scala over to see how deserving they are, Widmark is discovered with a bottle of whiskey in one hand—he's been mourning his fate—and a towel wrapped around his midriff—he's been using his trousers to swat at the mice. Gia is not impressed. Doris is furious. Widmark is driven into one mad romantic fling. The results bring a baby into the house. *Whose* baby? That's the question upon which the film revolves.—MGM.

### BORN RECKLESS

*Mamie's in the saddle*

Mamie Van Doren  
Jeff Richards  
Arthur Hunnicutt  
Carol Ohmart  
Nacho Galindo

■ Mamie Van Doren is a trick rodeo rider but every time she dismounts some wise guy leers at her, and every time she sings a song some wise guy grabs her for a finale. It was awful until Jeff Richards came along to protect her. Jeff's an all around rodeo champ and the women adore him. "Be careful," his buddy Arthur Hunnicutt warns Mamie, "Jeff loves 'em and leaves 'em." But Mamie thinks—*Isn't Jeff dreaming about owning a ranch, and won't he need a wife and family?* Jeff dreams big, but all his prize money flows through his fingers. And one day, just before a big rodeo, a divorcee named Carol Ohmart lures him into her convertible—and away they go. How does Mamie solve that problem? See it and find out.—WARNERS.

### SEPARATE TABLES

*trouble in a small hotel*

Burt Lancaster  
Rita Hayworth  
Deborah Kerr  
David Niven  
Wendy Hiller

■ The scene is one of those English hotels in a seaside town whose permanent residents have more or less retired from life. You can pick them out in the dining room—the former major (David Niven) who maintains a jaunty military air; the proud dowager (Gladys Cooper) and her frightened rabbit of a daughter (Deborah Kerr) who has never grown up; the wistful ex-schoolteacher (Felix Aylmer); the typical maiden ladies. A spark of outrageous life is supplied by medical student Rod Taylor and his liberal-minded sweetheart Audrey Dalton. An undercurrent of excitement is provided by American Burt Lancaster who is a writer, drinks too much and suffers from some hurt in his past. Over them all presides hotelkeeper Wendy Hiller—efficient, kindly, strong—who's in love with Lancaster. Scandal strikes the hotel when it is learned that David Niven had a run-in with the police for annoying a few women in a movie theatre, and that he never really was a major. The scandal's enough to ruin him and to destroy Deborah who, pathetically, loves him. And what happens when Rita Hayworth arrives at the hotel? A worldly, still stunning ex-model—she's also Burt's ex-wife, and wants him back. Life gets pretty lively at this establishment. It is an unusual drama—mature and exciting.—U.A.

### IN LOVE AND WAR

*drama of three Marines*

Robert Wagner  
Dana Wynter  
Jeffrey Hunter  
Hope Lange  
Bradford Dillman

■ When the Marines land on Japanese-held islands in the Pacific there are three very different kinds of American heroes among them. One is Sergeant Jeffrey Hunter who comes from a family of Greek fishermen and can take anything life has to offer; that includes war—

and love. Back home, he loved Hope Lange and didn't hesitate to marry her even though she was a little embarrassed at having become pregnant first. Another is scholarly Bradford Dillman, whose father is very rich and enraged at Brad's insistence on being where the fighting is. Dillman's girl, socialite Dana Wynter, has lots of principles but can't find them because she's usually drunk at her parties. And then there's cowardly, frightened Robert Wagner, of a poor Irish family. What war does to these three buddies makes a very absorbing film. The big cast includes France Nuyen, Murvyn Vye and Sheree North.—CINEMA-SCOPE, 20TH-FOX.

### DAMN YANKEES

*baseball goes jazzy*

Tab Hunter  
Gwen Verdon  
Ray Walston  
Russ Brown  
Rae Allen

■ Half the husbands in America—that's a modest estimate—are glued to their tv sets during the baseball season. One middle-aged husband (Robert Shafer) is so upset by what he sees that he's willing to sell his soul for a long ball hitter on the Washington Senators. No sooner overheard, than the Devil (Ray Walston) appears to make a deal. He takes Shafer's soul and turns him into Tab Hunter, the greatest baseball player in history. The Devil's such a baseball fan that he foolishly grants Shafer an escape clause, effective at the end of the season. Tab Hunter is absolutely sensational. Because of him it looks as if the Washington Senators will even win the pennant. *But who is Tab Hunter*, wonders newspaper gal Rae Allen. There's something fishy about him! She makes enough trouble for Tab to have him hauled before the Baseball Commission. But he has other worries, too. Namely Lola. Lola is a 179-year-old hag whom the Devil has transformed into a siren. Her orders are to make Tab fall so hard that he won't want to exercise his escape clause. As Lola, Gwen Verdon sings and dances the numbers that made her famous on Broadway. It's delightful.—TECHNICOLOR, WARNERS.

### RECOMMENDED MOVIES NOW PLAYING:


**THE RELUCTANT DEBUTANT** (MGM): Rex Harrison and Kay Kendall are trying to catch a husband for their daughter Sandra Dee, who isn't too happy with their choices. She prefers drummer John Saxon whose reputation isn't quite what London society considers acceptable. But Sandra is determined to get *her* man—not just any old man—and the struggle is a fabulously funny one.

**ME AND THE COLONEL** (Columbia): When the Germans invade Paris, Danny Kaye wants to flee—real quick—because he is a Jew. Curt Jurgens, a Polish Colonel, wants to leave also. But the problem is that Danny's got the only car in Paris. So Curt agrees to drive Danny out of Paris, to safety. But once in the car and behind the wheel, Curt drives toward German lines in order to rescue his sweetheart, Nicole Maury. A mad mixup follows, including a love triangle and capture by the Nazis.

**THE RESTLESS YEARS** (U-I): When a gossip town starts spreading vicious rumors, Sandra Dee finds herself the object. She's got no friends until John Saxon comes along. He befriends her and together they land the leads in the school play. Things are fine until jealous Luana Patten makes up some nasty rumors about John and Sandra. Johnny's father comes to their defense and Sandra's mother, Teresa Wright, has her faith in human nature restored.

**WIND ACROSS THE EVERGLADES** (Warners): Teacher Christopher Plummer is given the job of bird warden in the Everglades to protect the rare birds which are being killed for their feathers. Burl Ives and his outlaw group want to cash in on the bird plumes—at Plummer's expense. Plummer gets wounded a few times but has lovely Chana Eden to nurse him, and he finally gets a warrant for Ives' arrest.





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true...  
blondes  
have more  
fun?

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a blonde's best friend is

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**Stardust**  
INC.

## THE SCENE THAT WASN'T SHOT

The place was Corsica, in the Mediterranean. The time was mid-winter. Lovely, blonde, English Mary Ure and rugged, handsome, equally-English Peter Finch were filming a beach scene for the picture *Windom's Way*.

Their job was to run into the freezing water, swim out, wait for the director to yell *cut* and then swim back to shore. They rehearsed three shivering times. Then the scene was ready to be shot. On cue, Mary and Peter grabbed hands and made for the water. They began to swim out. They swam and swam—a little farther out than ever before, it seemed—but finally the director yelled his *cut* and that should have been that. . . .

But suddenly was no Mary to be seen. "Hello?" he asked, as Britishers will under such circumstances. But nobody helloed him back.

Then he heard the shriek. "Peterrrrr!" It came from behind, from at least a dozen waves behind. "Peterrrrr . . . help me . . . I'm caught in the current!"

His first instinct was to swim back and save his drowning co-star. First, however, he thought he'd signal the crew on shore, in case they hadn't noticed. His heart, like Mary, began to sink—because the crew on shore had already begun to set up the next scene and they obviously couldn't have cared less about the two people in the water, stars or no. Peter reeled around and swam back out now, toward Mary, or toward what he could see of

the top of her shining golden head. . . .

Mary was only half-conscious when they got to shore, quivering, pale blue. Peter began to slap gently at her face and say, "That's all right, everything is going to be all right."

In her trance, Mary began to cry and talk about her childhood, in Glasgow, Scotland, something about a little dog running down the street and in danger of being hit by a truck. "Oh," she moaned.

Then Peter looked up and saw a sour-faced assistant director standing over them, his eyes meeting Peter's, he shook his head. "Mr. Finch . . . Miss Ure," he said, "this rehearsal is brilliant. But unfortunately the scene is not in the picture—can we *please* get back to work . . . ?"

End of story: Mary recovered nicely—and a certain sour-faced assistant director got himself chased way down the beach by a certain hero-actor, initials P.F.

Watch for Mary and Peter in *WINDOM'S WAY* for Rank.







AT 20TH CENTURY-FOX, GEORGE STEVENS HAS COMPLETED

# the diary of anne frank

IN WHICH A GIRL WHO HAS NEVER APPEARED ON THE SCREEN  
IS ALREADY WORLD FAMOUS



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of complexion finish!



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*Liquid Make-up with Sunshine Vitamin D  
plus Vitamin A... gives skin sheer luminous  
beauty, even in the glare of the noonday sun!*

Puts other make-ups in the shade! Only new Complexion Control Liquid Make-up gives your skin precious vitamins A and D *plus* the moisturizing miracle of its Lanolin Plus Liquid ingredient.

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## MRS. KIRK DOUGLAS REVEALS...

● In the July 1957 MODERN SCREEN, my beloved husband Kirk told how I shook him up at our wedding ceremony when I got the unfamiliar English words confused and repeated, "I, Anne Buydens, take thee, Kirk Douglas, as my AWFUL WEDDED HUSBAND!"

Well, since then I've learned about a few of Kirk's goofs with the English language, so here's my revelation about him:

For instance, there was the afternoon, while he was a part-time waiter at a New York restaurant, when he called out this order to the bar: "A daiquiri, a Manhattan, and one bottle of BUPPERT'S REAR!"

As a singing telegram boy in his first Broadway play, *Spring Again*, Kirk forgot his lyrics on opening night and 'la-de-dahed' a Happy-Birthday-to-You greeting!

After he made *The Strange Love of Martha Ivers*—his first picture in Hollywood, he nervously named it on a radio interview as *The Strange Hives of Martha Lovers!*

These were all simple, little goofs, good merely for a laugh, but when Kirk was in the Navy in World War II, serving in the Galapagos Islands, he made a goof that cost him a couple of weeks in the hospital—and almost cost the Navy a good subchaser. Kirk was relaying the captain's orders by telephone to the fantail of the ship. On maneuvers, the captain calmly said, "Fire depth charge marker—seventy-five feet off starboard."

Just as calmly, Kirk repeated over the phone, "Fire depth charge, seventy-five feet off starboard."

"Douglas!" The skipper came alive. "I said depth charge MARKER!"

But it was too late for the correction. The big can of TNT circled out and landed just a little bit past pitcher's mound distance in baseball. The explosion almost turned the subchaser over. Luckily there were no real casualties—except every dish in the galley—but nevertheless the captain picked himself up off the deck, turned to my darling Kirk, and sarcastically promised, "Douglas, I'm recommending you for the medal of honor—from the Japanese Navy!"

No matter how he goofs with the King's English, though, here's one queen who's glad she got her AWFUL WEDDED HUSBAND!



# My search for Christmas

*Sure, love is the spirit of Christmas. But when you're lonely . . . very, very lonely, where do you go to find love? On the street? In a skating rink? That's where I looked, and I was lucky . . .*



**T**he Christmas I was seventeen started as the loneliest I'd ever known. I was stationed in Groton, Connecticut, with the Coast Guard. On Christmas morning we awakened in our clapboard barracks and looked out to the snow-white landscape—and all of us guys who didn't get furloughs moaned. We ached to be home. Christmas isn't Christmas away from home. It's going to church with your loved ones, spending the afternoon

with your family, basking in the warm spirit of a holy and heart-felt holiday, exchanging gifts, hearing the laughter of young children and smelling the tantalizing aromas of turkey and muffins and pie in the kitchen.

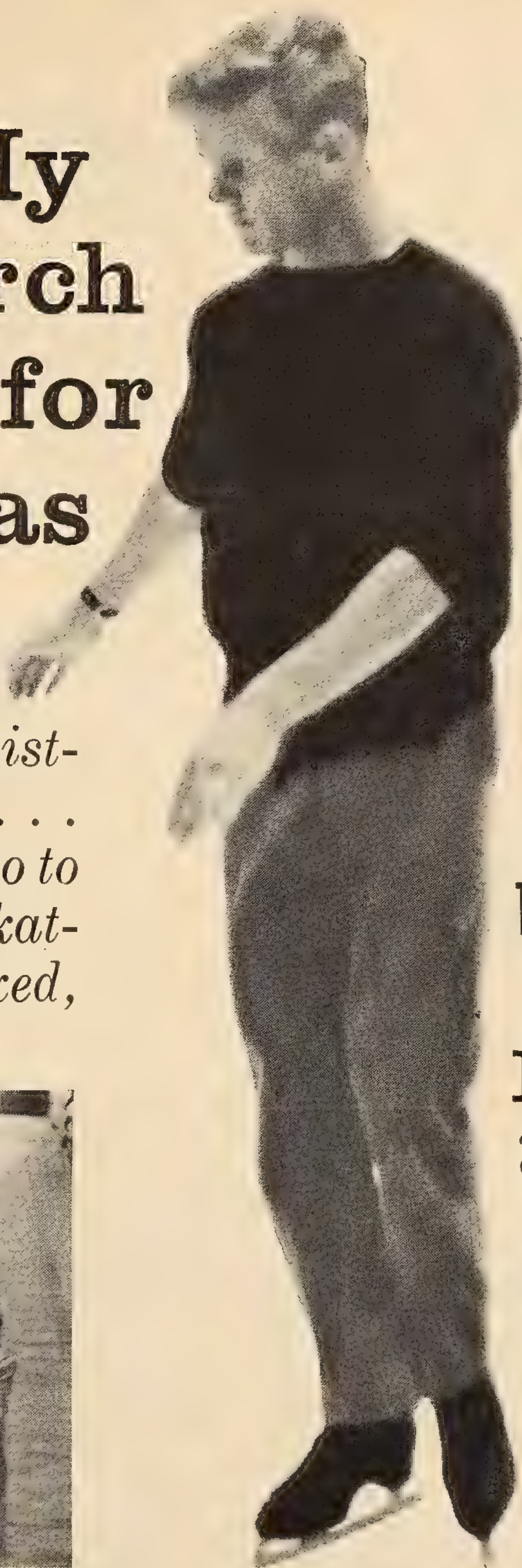
To tell the truth, the poor Coast Guard outfit tried to give us a Christmas feeling, but it just didn't come off. They put a tinsel pine tree in the mess hall with a scene depicting the Nativity under it, hung ribboned

wreaths on the walls, arranged potted poinsettias on each table and served us the works—roast turkey, stuffing, sweet potatoes, plum pudding, bowls of nuts, candy and oranges.

But no matter how hard they tried, there you are with a couple of hundred long-faced, homesick guys, all wishing they were with their sweethearts, wives or friends; and although you have a joy of Christmas somewhere in your (Continued on page 14)

by  
**Tab  
Hunter**

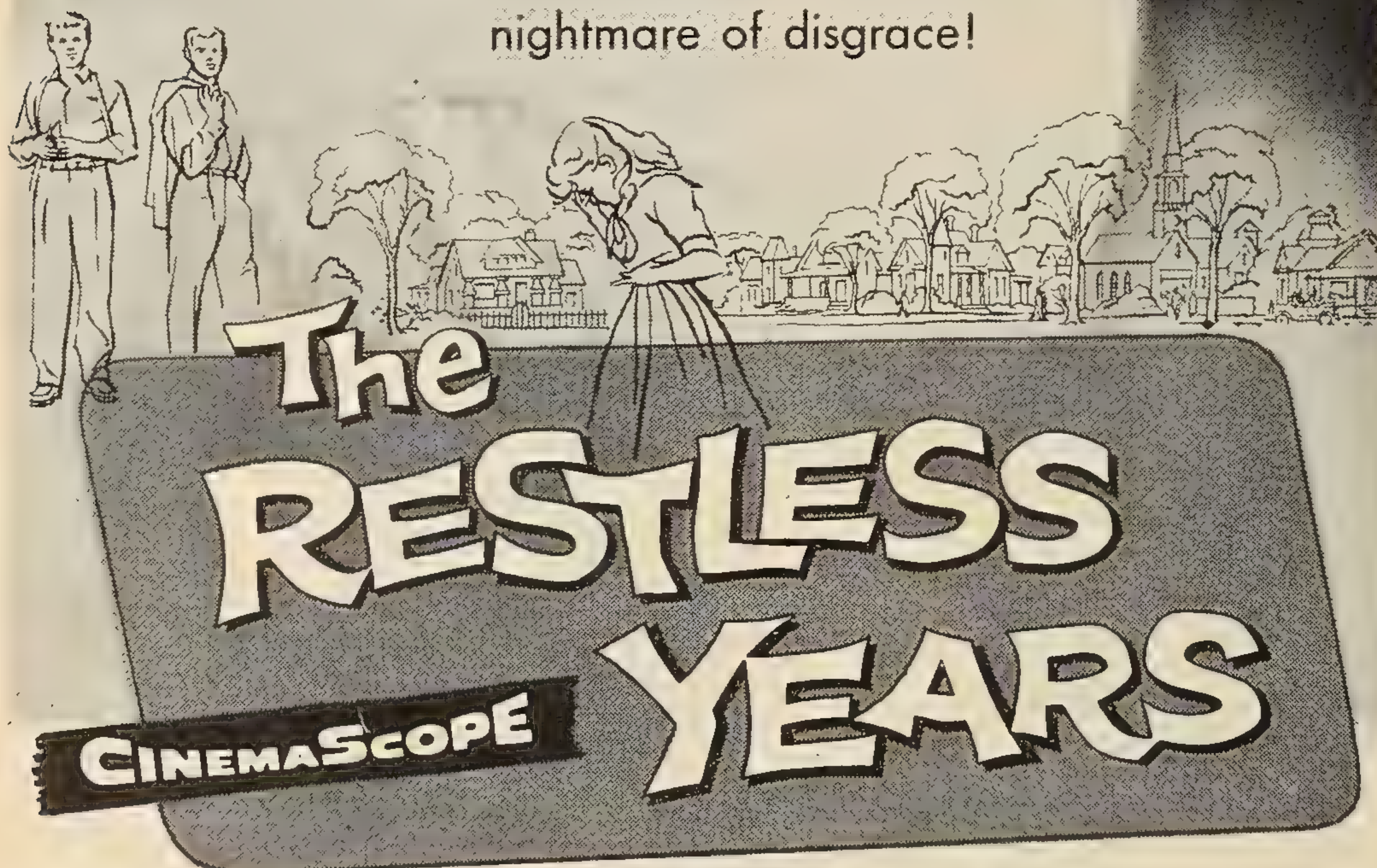
*as told to  
George Christy*





**WHEN A GIRL  
FIRST FEELS A WOMAN'S NEED...  
WHEN A BOY  
FIRST FACES A MAN'S DESIRE...**

...when one  
groping kiss can turn  
puppy love into adult emotion  
and a town's "dirty" mind  
can turn it into a  
nightmare of disgrace!



Starring **JOHN SAXON · SANDRA DEE**

Co-starring

**LUANA PATTEN · MARGARET LINDSAY · VIRGINIA GREY**

with **JODY McCREA · ALAN BAXTER** and

**TERESA WRIGHT · JAMES WHITMORE**

as "Elizabeth Grant"

as "Ed Henderson"

Directed by **HELMUT KAUTNER** · Screenplay by **EDWARD ANHALT**

Produced by **ROSS HUNTER** · A Universal-International Picture



(Continued from page 13) heart, you can't let it out.

True, I didn't have a sweetheart then, but I wanted to be with my mom and my brother Walt.

I don't know what made me do it, but lots of times you feel as if you're going to burst if you have to stick things out one minute longer. So on Saturday, the night after Christmas, I went over the hill. AWOL. I asked for an overnight pass, and some chicken officer in command looked at me sourly and said, "Nothing doing, Gelien."

I wasn't Tab Hunter then. I was Art Gelien looking to find myself in the world.

So I slipped out of camp after chow, soon as the sun went down, and I thumbed my way into New York in search of Christmas.

#### But where to search?

A young couple gave me a lift all the way into town. They'd been with relatives in Massachusetts, and they told me Christmas in the country was great. Christmas in the city, they said, had gotten too commercial.

For a moment I was afraid to go to New York. But what's a lonely Coast Guardsman going to do? Sit in the barracks and listen to the radio or read a book or play cards with the guys. I'd been doing that for months, and I was tired of it. It was Christmas, and I wanted to come to the city and see a part of the world.

When we arrived in New York, they dropped me off at Times Square.

There I was, plunk in the center of this rushing throng of people. Everybody was with somebody. Like Noah's ark, it was two-by-two for everyone wherever you went or wherever you looked. Two-by-two for everyone except me.

What to do? I began walking along those honky-tonk New York streets—Broadway, Seventh Avenue, Eighth Avenue. The snow had been trampled to slush by the Christmas crowds. All the shopkeepers were hawking their wares: wristwatches and papaya juice, tattoos and candied apples.

I asked a stranger where St. Patrick's church was, thinking I'd make a novena, but he told me he was from out of town and hadn't the vaguest idea. "Anyhow," this guy said, looking at me as if I was a freak, "it's Saturday night, fella. There's plenty of time to go to church on Sunday."

So I walked along those dirty, slush-trampled streets and looked at the jazzy Broadway shopwindows, at the dime-a-dance tango palaces, at all the hole-in-the-wall record shops blaring the novelty songs of Christmas and the corny versions of the sacred Christmas carols. I stopped in a pinball gallery, and people were pushing and shoving to get to the machines.

I'm in hell, I thought. Here it is—hell!—if anybody's wondering where to find it.

I went out to the windy night. When you breathed, the air clouded around your face. I walked along Broadway, my hands in the pockets of my pea jacket, thinking I ought to hitchhike back to those desolate Coast Guard barracks at Groton. This was a lousy way to spend a Christmas. Better to be in bed at the barracks dreaming about home. . . .

Then suddenly I heard the music—loud, thumping, hurdy-gurdy music. I looked up at the blazing, white-lighted marquee. It read: GAY BLADES SKATING RINK.

The music was too inviting to pass by, and anyway I've always loved skating. This would take my mind off things. It had nothing to do with Christmas, but I'd relax.

I paid the price (Continued on page 27)



modern screen's

gossip extra!

# LOUELLA PARSONS

in hollywood

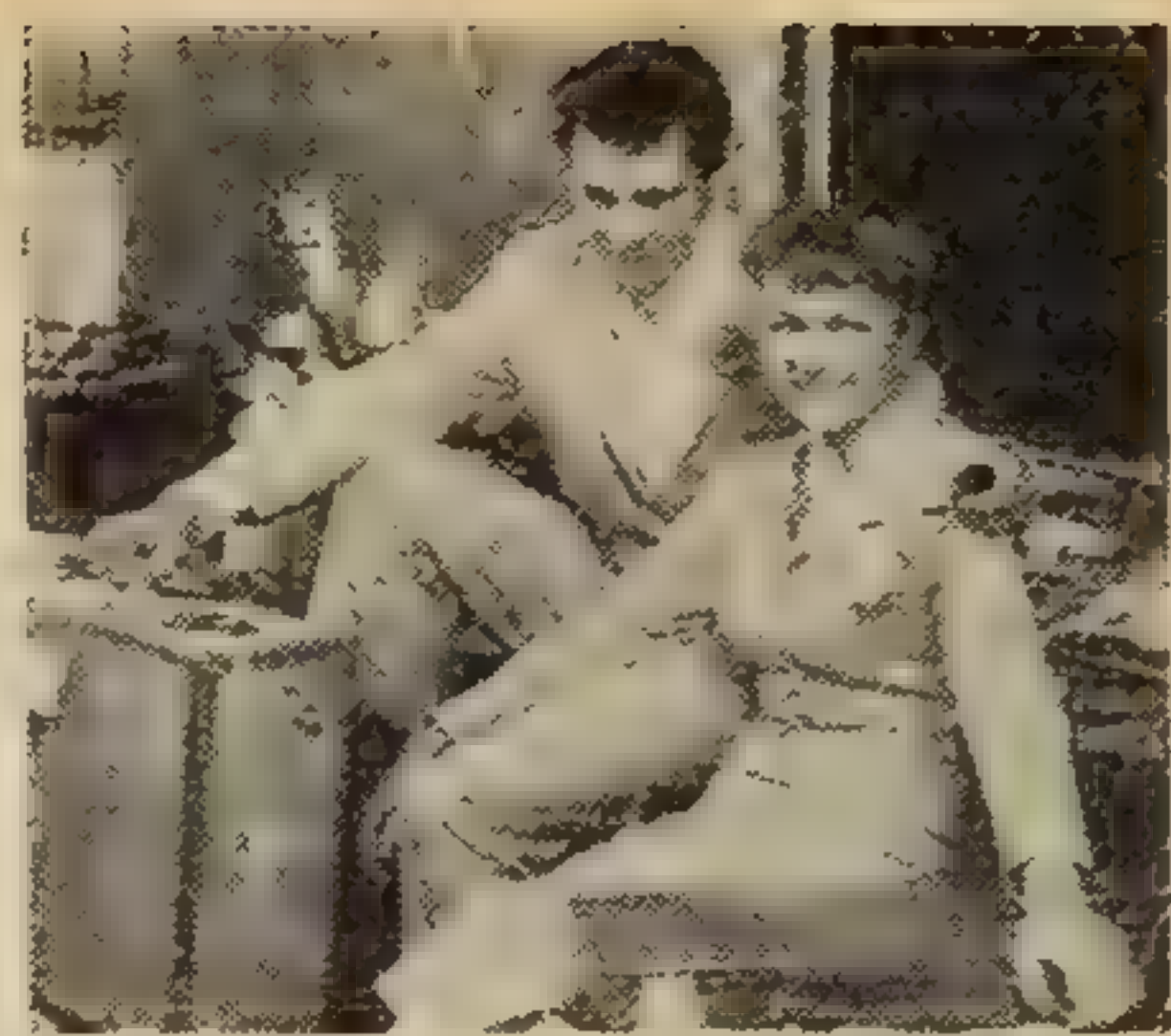
■■■■

I have never  
known a star to  
fall so rapidly  
in the esteem  
of her own fans  
as Liz Taylor...

■■■■







**LOUELLA PARSONS**  
in hollywood

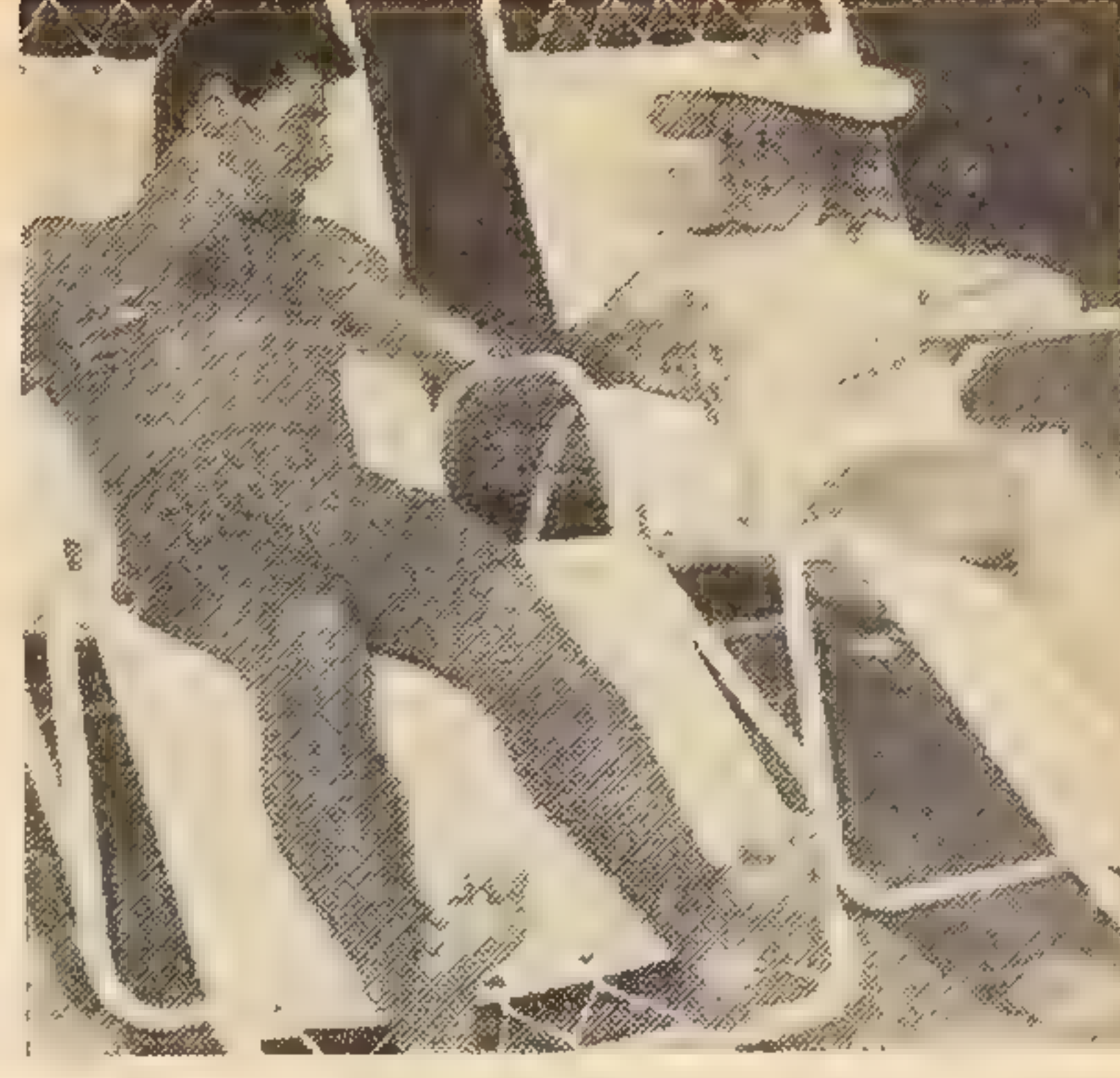
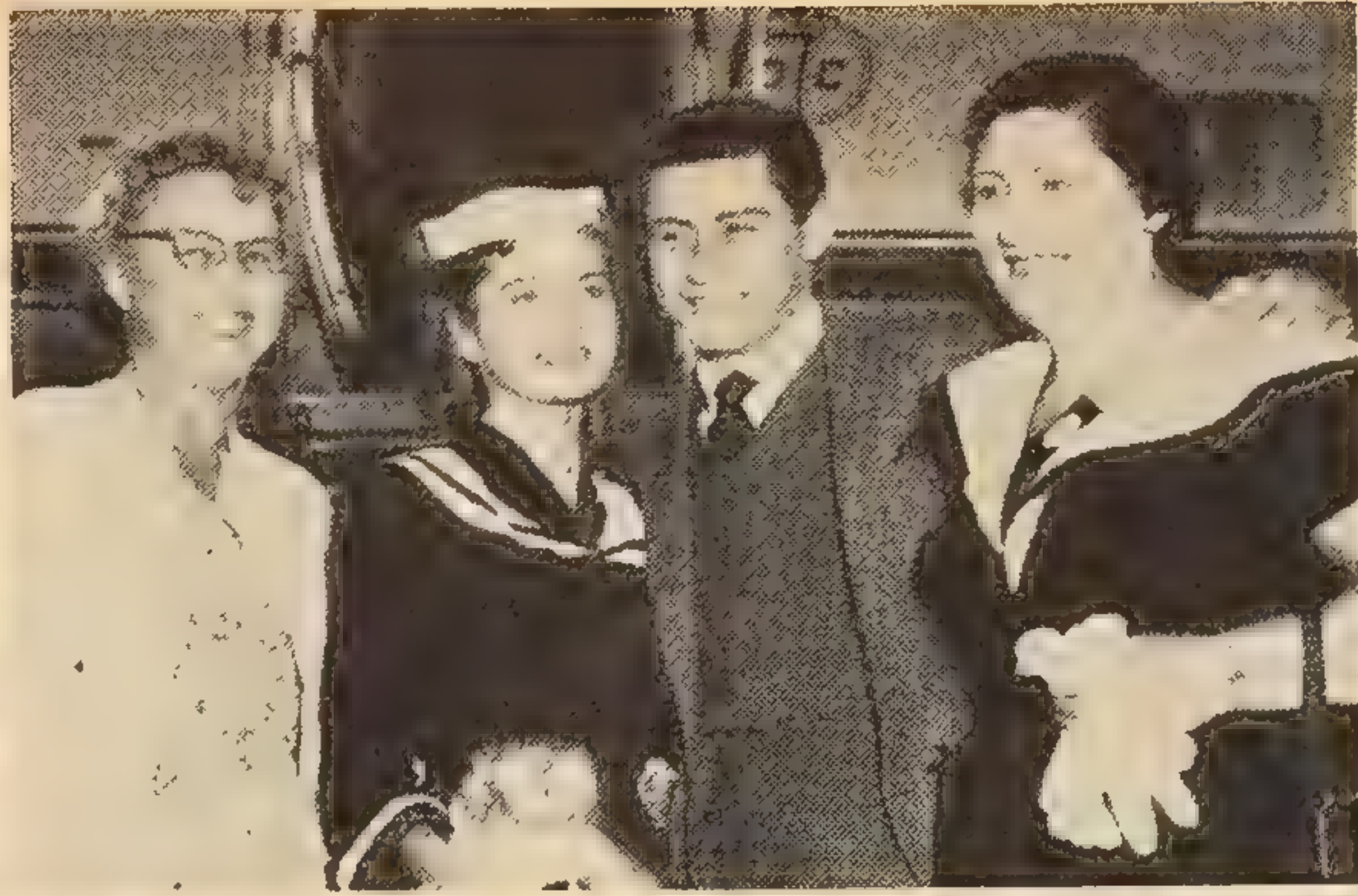
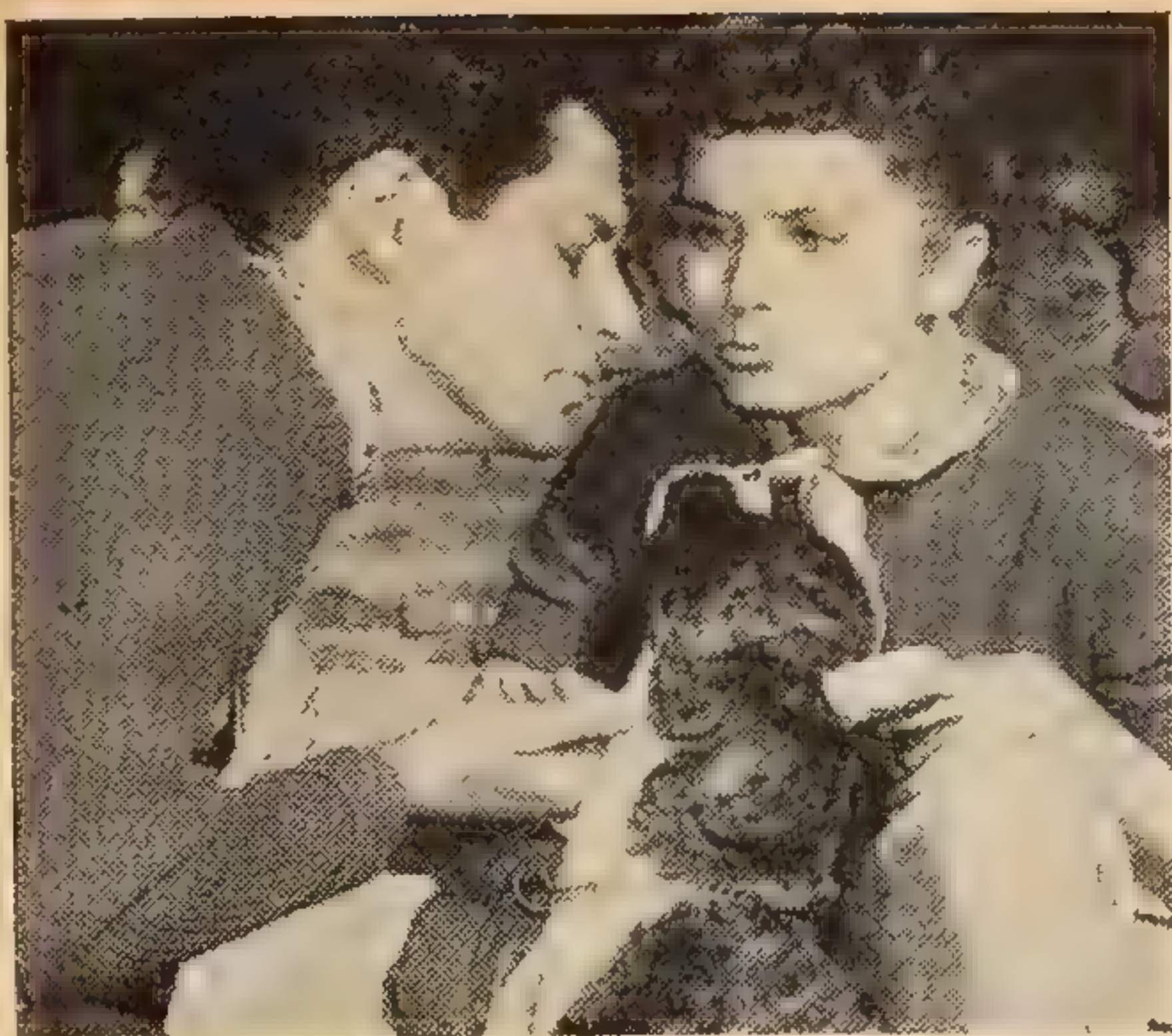


I'm on my soapbox:

**IF DEBBIE AND EDDIE  
WEREN'T IN LOVE  
I DON'T KNOW WHO WAS!**







I'm on my soapbox to say I'm sick of all the innuendoes going around, plus **Liz Taylor's** open charge, that **Debbie Reynolds** couldn't lose **Eddie Fisher's** love "because she never had it."

What kind of love are they referring to?

As the chaperone of Debbie and Eddie in Las Vegas just two weeks before their marriage at Grossinger's resort in New York, I can tell you that they were two of the most love-struck youngsters I've ever known, always holding hands in the back of our car—or Eddie whispering love songs into Debbie's ear—all right, let's say it, 'necking' all over the place.

Let me address a question to some of you girls who may have at one time in your lives attempted to get an *unwilling* male to the marriage license bureau. How much luck did you have? Except in cases of 'shot-gun arguments,' I bet—none.

And there was nobody dragging Eddie to Grossinger's when he took Debbie as his bride.

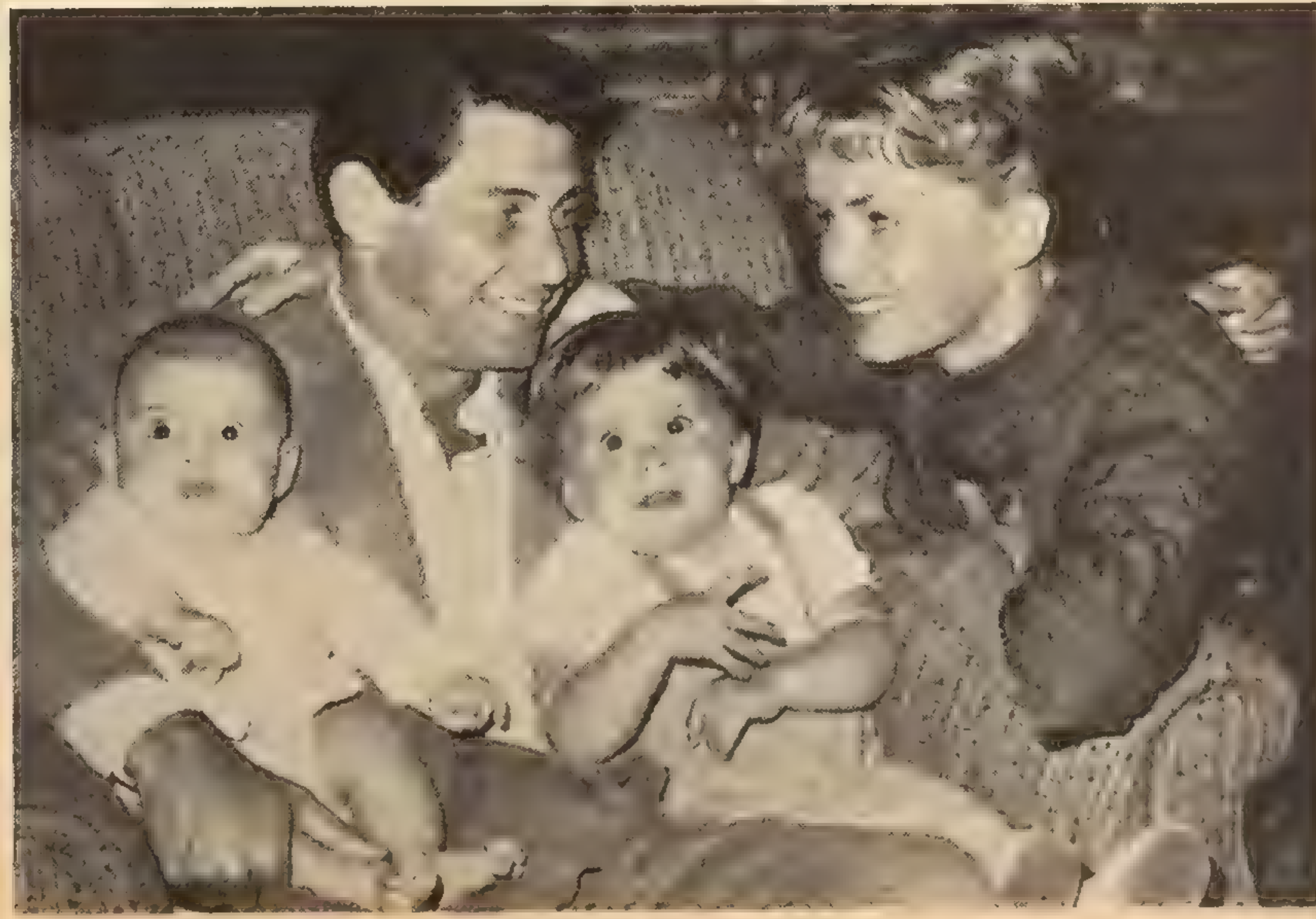
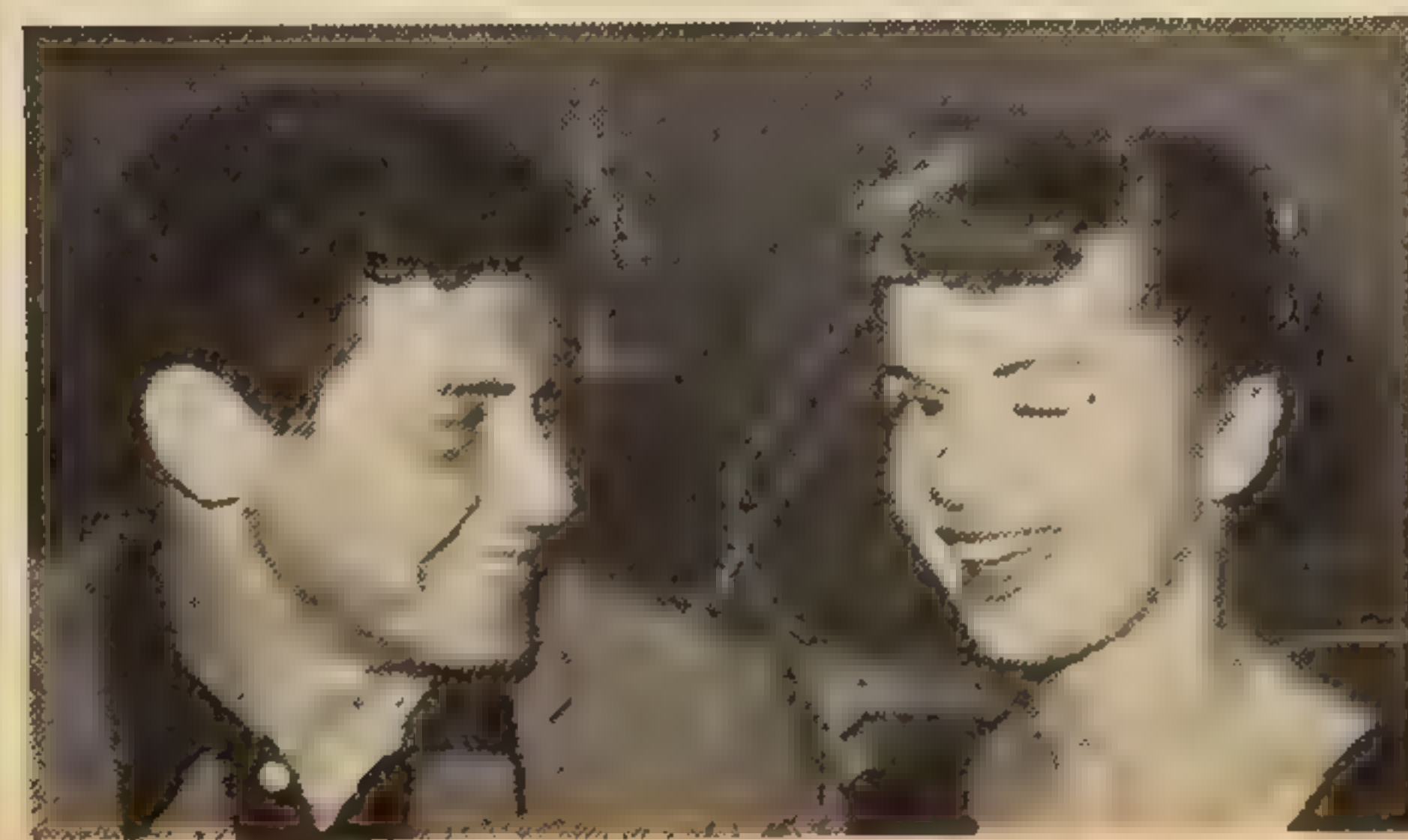
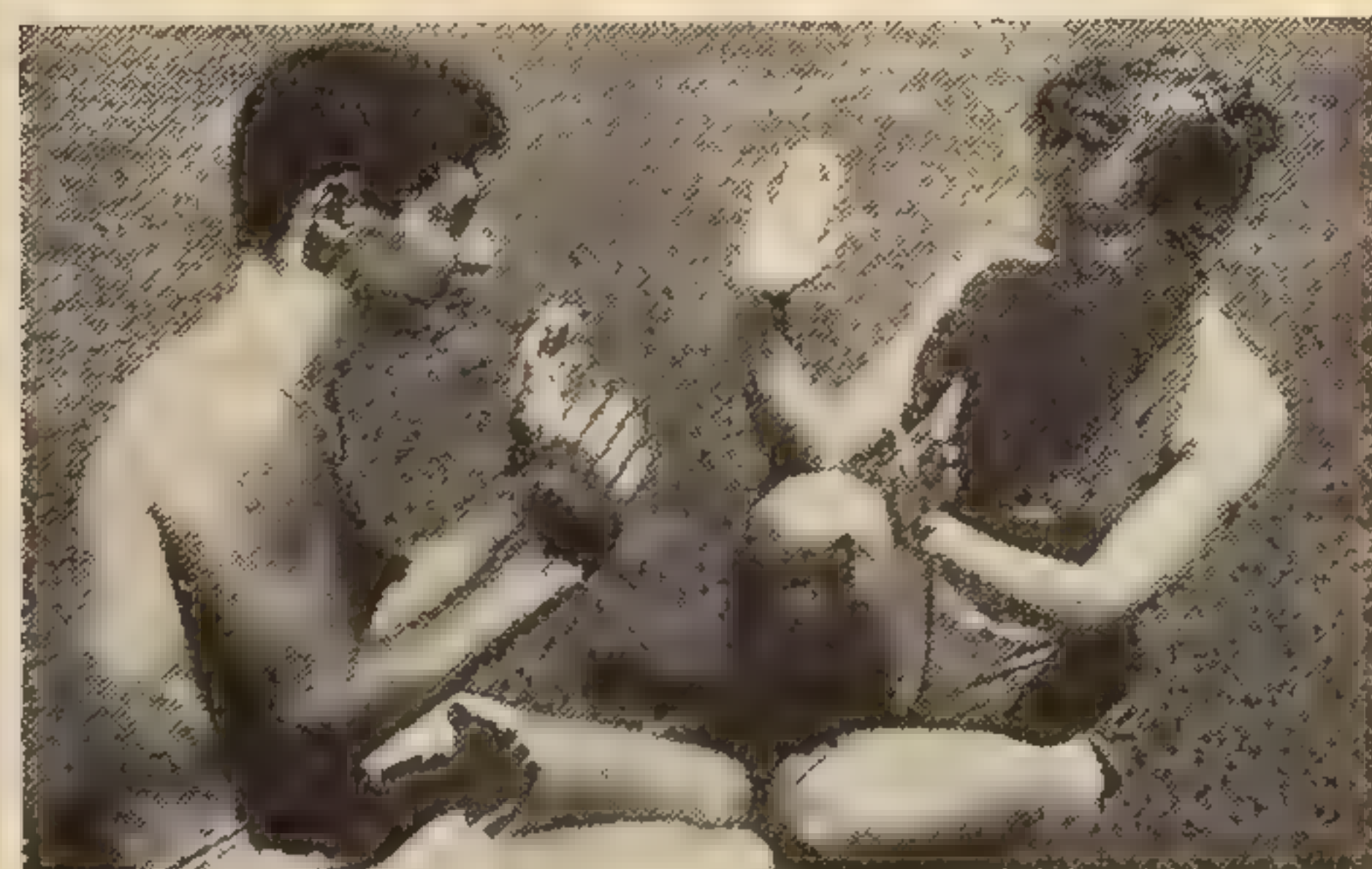
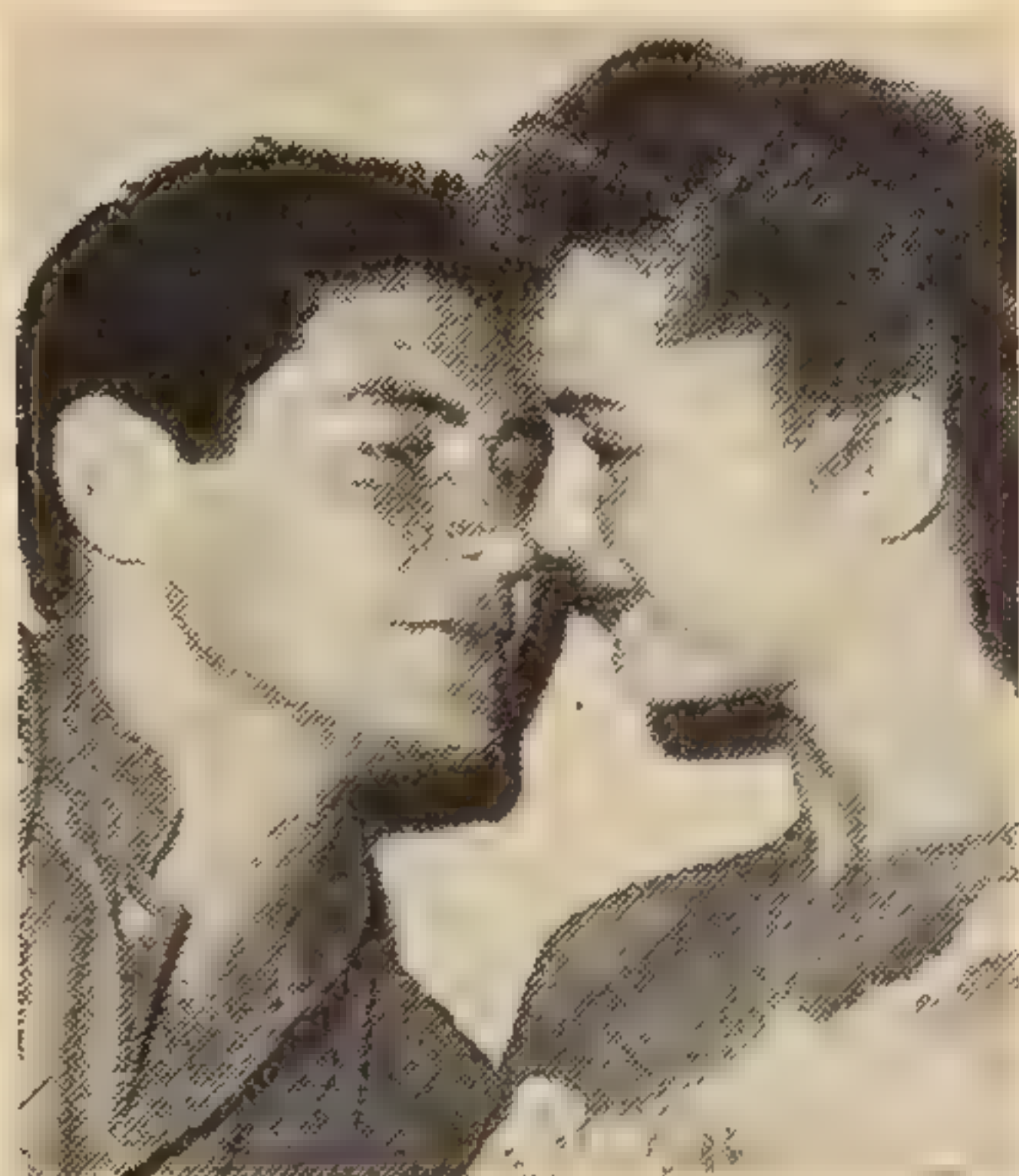
They admit they had their hassles and misunderstandings in the early days of marriage "as most couples do."

And yet, Eddie was always openly proud of Debbie, of her fine charity work—he kiddingly called her his "busy little club woman"; of her fine talent as a comedienne and actress

—"and look how she showed me up as a singer with *Tammy*," he'd say with pride; and as a wife and mother. He said to me just a few weeks before they parted when I visited them at their home for a MODERN SCREEN interview, "She's the best."

This isn't love? It's just the kind that makes for the good family life this country is based on, that's all. Maybe it isn't the gasping, panting, you-set-me-on-fire kind of *grande passion* that's based on blinding sex-appeal—but it's love in my book. The best kind.

On page 31 of this edition of MODERN SCREEN I have a round-up article on the Liz-Eddie-Debbie tragedy which I hope you'll read.





## PARTY of the MONTH

There were \$6000 worth of orchids used in the decorations and over four hundred guests were served at the sit-down dinner given in honor of Cobina Wright, Sr.'s birthday by realtor Hal Hayes! How would you like to get four hundred guests seated at your chateau for dinner? I think I'd blow a fuse.

The house is one of the most fantastic in Hollywood anyway. Situated on its own private cliff high above the Hollywood hills, it is built on four levels with enormous trees growing right through the living room and if one walked too close to the edge of the second and third level it would take just a moment of carelessness to fall off into exotic gardens of flowers, plants and luxuriant shrubberies.

The whole effect was so tropical and island-like that Governor William Quinn of Hawaii, visiting in Hollywood, thought for a minute he had been transplanted right back home!

Against this setting of lush greenery, the girls looked very beautiful in their flowing formal gowns. **John Wayne** and **Pilar** looked like honeymooners again, which they really were after their recent reconciliation.

**Greer Garson's** hair looked more red than ever and **Dorothy Lamour**, heroine of so many tropical Road movies with **Bing** and **Bob Hope**, looked as though she might go into another sarong number any moment.

Thoroughly enjoying themselves and the unusual surroundings were Mary and **Bob Cummings**, **Judy Garland**, Georgia and **Red Skelton**, the **Edgar Bergens** (without Charlie McCarthy), Doris Duke, the David Hearsts, Jimmy McHugh, **Hoagy Carmichael**, **Norma Shearer** and those 375 others!

## That Brynner Rumor

It took a jolt like the report from Europe that **Yul Brynner** was leaving his wife, Virginia, to marry teenage Frances Martin, to get Yul to drop his rigid rule never to discuss his married life in print.

The baldheaded charmer was hopping mad when I talked with him in his dressing room at 20th where he was starting *The Sound And The Fury*.

"I have been married fourteen years. Virginia was with me all the time we were shooting *The Journey* in Vienna where this ridiculous story originated.

"The only thing that worries Virginia and me is that our son Rocky, who is in school, will hear the nonsense.

"But I suppose it's time the gossip started up again. Every year someone tries to part Virginia and me. I can only think that I offended someone in Vienna who chose this ridiculous way to get even."



*Nat's happy being Mrs. Wagner, but wishes she were working again.*

## Natalie's Battle

**Natalie Wood** and **Bob Wagner** dropped by to see me on their way to their boat at Balboa. She is an unhappy girl that her contract troubles with Warner Brothers have dragged out so long.

I agreed with her that this is very bad for her career and by the time you read this, I hope everything has been settled.

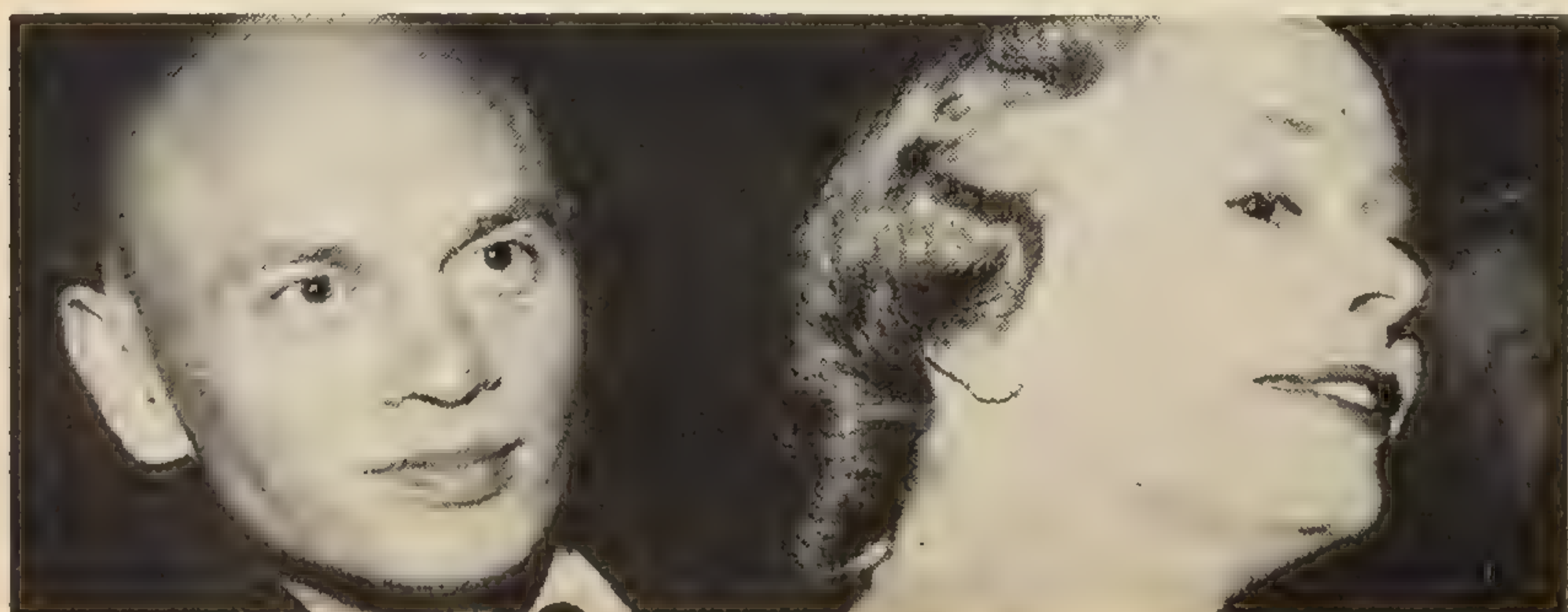
Natalie said, "I never made the statement that I didn't care if I never work again because I'm so happy being Mrs. Robert Wagner. Of course, I'm happy with Bob. But I have worked since I was a child... And I love my

work and I'm certainly proud of my career."

Another thing denied by Natalie is that she has been 'holding out' for \$250,000 per picture. "That's absurd," she scoffed. "I never made such an unreasonable demand." She told me that all she is really asking for is the chance to do outside pictures and collect the money.

I seldom get into these contract battles because long experience has taught me that there are always two sides to the arguments. But I am sure that if Natalie's agent and her bosses at Warners (Jack Warner has been critically ill in a hospital in France following an automobile crash) could get together and talk out the problems, they could be settled.

*Yul Brynner and his wife Virginia (below) are a happy couple despite false reports about Yul's romance with actress Frances Martin (rt.). Yul was upset about these vicious stories.*





## NO BABY!

The fact that **Marilyn Monroe** had Beverly Hills' famed gynecologist Dr. Leon Krohn as her doctor when she was rushed from the set of *Some Like It Hot* in San Diego to Cedars of Lebanon Hospital in Los Angeles, started those stork rumors all over again.

Marilyn says it isn't true—she wishes it were.

But she's confident that baby she and Arthur Miller want so much "will be here in another year." She really wants a baby.

*Marilyn's not pregnant in spite of the sack dress she's wearing. . . .*



*Ann and Bill's wedding started off a tremendous round of parties.*

## Wedding Parties

The wedding of popular **Ann Miller** and **Bill Moss** (Jane Withers' ex) set off a round of post-nuptial parties ranging from lingerie showers for Ann to the formal dinner dance given by Cobina Wright, Sr. and Arthur Cameron at his Beverly Hills estate. (Arthur used to date Ann!)

We Southern Californians had been enjoying the most ideal summer-night weather—and Arthur had set up candle-lit tables on the big terrace overlooking the swimming pool and the gardens. So what happens? A drenching thunderstorm blew up and sent all the help scurrying to bring the tables inside. When you can move a party for a hundred fifty people from the outside to the inside in five minutes—that's some moving.

**Jane Powell**, who was giving a shower for Annie the next day, ruefully remarked, "And I hope it isn't this kind of a shower." She'd no more than finished talking than the rain stopped—and the moon came out!

One of the most admired guests was England's beloved actress, **Margaret Leigh-ton**, in Hollywood to make her first American picture, *The Sound and the Fury*. She was with the effervescent **Zsa Zsa Gabor**.

**June Haver MacMurray** (Mrs. Fred) gets prettier every time I see her and looked like a picture in a shrimp-colored chiffon gown. But Fred doesn't want her to work. I saw the **Randy Scotts**, Pat Brown (candidate for Governor of California) and his wife, the Ed Pauleys among other socialites, and had a long talk with Norman Hartnell, called 'the Queen's designer' because he creates so many clothes for Queen Elizabeth and Princess Margaret. He recalled that I had lunched with him

in London several years ago before going on to the garden party at Buckingham Palace. It was quite a party.

## Marital Rifts

If **Sheilah** and **Guy Madison** aren't back together by the time you read this, it's just a cryin' shame. Guy admits he still loves Sheilah and she loves him.

The trouble between them is simply this—Guy does a lot of traveling making appearances around the country, loves hunting, fishing and outdoor activities. Before the babies arrived Sheilah always went with him.

Now that there are three baby Madisons in the household—in four years of marriage—Sheilah doesn't think she should be traipsing around. Feels the children need her.

This, of course, brings up the age-old problem: is a woman's first duty to her husband or to her children? I say—both.

Surely, a compromise can be reached between Guy and Sheilah. He's a good father and loves his family. I know because I am the godmother of the youngest Madison. This is a good marriage and just can't go on the rocks.

Honors for the shortest marital rift on record go to **John Wayne** and **Pilar Palette** who broke up for exactly twenty-four hours! "Sure, we had a battle," Duke told me cheerfully. "Then we realized our mistake and right now I'm helping Pilar move back into our house which was destroyed by fire.

"We love each other very much," Pilar got on the phone to add, "and we know now how silly it was to act on an impulse and separate."

Good for both Waynes. If we only had more such sensible couples who aren't too proud to admit a mistake immediately!



## PERSONAL OPINIONS

I don't care what anybody says, cropping **Tommy Sands'** hair for *Mardi Gras* has made a big change in my young friend's personality. When Tommy had his locks flowing down practically into his eyes, he may not have exactly pawed the ground like a juvenile **Gary Cooper**, but he was shy and not too sure of himself. Now with this almost 'butch' cut, he's quite the dapper young man, confident and poised. . . .

Reminds me of **Jimmie Rodgers'** reply when **Dinah Shore** asked him how he managed to acquire so much self-assurance so young: "I got married," quoth Jimmie. . . .

Surprised me to learn that those cute **Lennon Sisters** (singing quartet on Lawrence Welk's tv show) earn \$100,000 annually—but most of it comes from their merchandising line (dresses, coats, ribbons *a la* Lennon) rather than from recordings or their tv contract! . . .

Speaking of clothes, **Audrey Hepburn** spends more than any other star on her private life wardrobe. **Dinah Shore** is the biggest spender for a professional wardrobe. . . .

**Kim Novak** is outgrowing her lavender complex. She tells me her new house has a touch or two of lavender in every room, "but there are other colors too." . . .

The new style of wearing wigs looks attractive on some girls, **Zsa Zsa Gabor** for one. But **Judy Garland** confesses she bought a wig and is scared to wear it. "Someone might say I showed up in a 'fright' wig," she laughed.

Who else but **Lauren Bacall** would have the honesty to say, "I'm going to Europe because I'm sick and tired of going out to dinner and to parties with married couples. Oh, don't misunderstand me. I love my happily married friends. Couldn't get along without 'em. And I envy them their complete lives.

"But I've had it just being the extra woman they're sweet enough to invite.

"Yep, I hope I run smack, head on, into a brand new exciting romance in Europe. There's nothing better for a woman's morale than being pursued by a gentleman who thinks you are the most—even if it doesn't last."

**Rock Hudson** has gone yacht happy. He is now commander of a 40-foot boat he rented from agent Milton Bren and every moment he isn't before the cameras on *This Earth Is Mine*, he's out sailing over the bounding main, or wherever you sail along the California Coast.

The boating bug bit Rock after he spent several week ends with the **Tyrone Powers** aboard their beautiful yacht, or so he says. If you ask me, I think Rock is getting to be more and more of a recluse and there's nothing that discourages dropper-inners like the Pacific Ocean between you and them.

The nicest thing that has happened to our town this devastating month is the return of **Gene Tierney**, now completely well again and looking even more beautiful and radiant than before she suffered a series of nervous breakdowns.

Here is a girl who loved so deeply—and futilely—that she was almost destroyed by the emotion. Let's mention it just this once and then forget it—Gene's unhappy romance with the **Aly Khan** was almost her undoing.

But it's the way a man or woman triumphs over heartaches and pain that is the measure of his or her worth—and after many long years



*Self-assurance . . . That's something these two young men have plenty of. It came to Tommy Sands (above) with his new butch haircut. And for Jimmie Rodgers (right) it came with his marriage to sweet Colleen.*



*These cute kids—the Lennon Sisters—working so hard on their music here earn \$100,000 a year, I was surprised to learn. But not from their singing!*

of suffering Gene is her own woman again! Her friends are so proud of her.

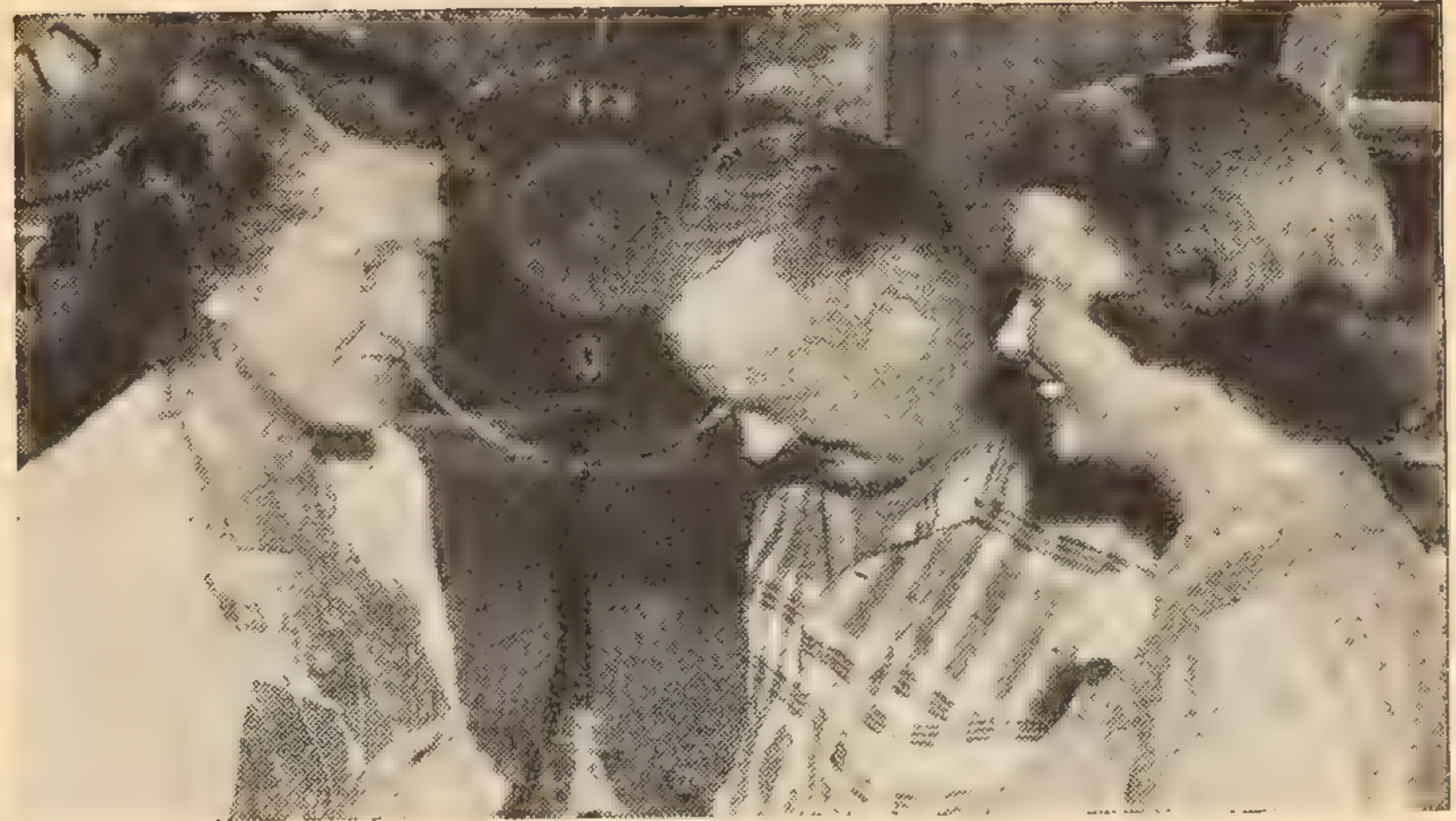
She called me her first day back in Hollywood, her voice sounding so fresh and vibrant, to say hello and also, "Dr. Carl Menninger says I am completely cured and I feel now that all my sickness is behind me." A few days later I saw Gene, and she is so lovely it's hard to believe she has had a sick day. She is eager to return to her career "as soon as 20th Century-Fox can find the right story for

me," she told me happily.

Gene spoke with deep gratitude of her studio. "They never took me off salary a single day during my illness. Do you wonder that I think of 20th as my mother and my father?"

I told her, too, that none of her loyal fans had forgotten her during her absence. Many letters came in asking about her and how she was coming along. "I'm so grateful—and thankful," she said with sincere feeling. "It's so wonderful to learn you are still wanted."





*Dinah Shore (above) spends more on her professional wardrobe than any other star. And these tiers of dresses are all up to date! The script supervisor and the property master are among the many old friends at 20th-Fox who welcomed Gene Tierney (above, right) home. Rock Hudson (right) is having a great time with George Nader on the forty-foot yacht Rock's happily commanding these days.*

## I NOMINATE FOR STARDOM—



**France Nuyen:** She's half-Chinese and half-French and her last name is pronounced 'New-yen.' And, 'new yen' is just exactly what 20th Century-Fox thinks she will be after you see her in those love scenes with Bob Wagner in *In Love and War* which followed her Lait in *South Pacific*.

Now France is killing them on the stage on Broadway as the heroine of the highly spiced *The World of Suzie Wong*.

Pretty good for a girl who just two short years ago was selling cookies in a New York bakery—and eating so many of them to keep alive that the boss had to let her go to keep in business! And, before the bakery job, she worked as a housemaid doing the cooking, marketing and housecleaning for a couple on Riverside Drive in the big town.

This exotic looking girl, now riding the crest of sudden fame, is no stranger to sadness, hunger or fear. "I have known the agony of being a stranger in a strange country, unable to speak the language, and with no job," she says, now speaking in very good English.

"People say I am lucky. But before I got lucky I was almost dead!"

As a child she barely knew her father, Louis Nuyen, a Chinese ship's navigator, because he was always at sea. Born in Marseilles, France, it was a struggle for her mother to get enough money to send France to the Pension school. Neither one of them had enough to eat during the war years in Paris.

At fifteen, France and her mother, who was beginning to be very ill, came to New York. Mrs. Nuyen took in sewing while France sold cookies or kept house—for other people.

The big break came when the head of a model agency sent frightened little France to be interviewed by Josh Logan for *South Pacific*. As you know, she got it. And a whole new world has opened up for France Nuyen.



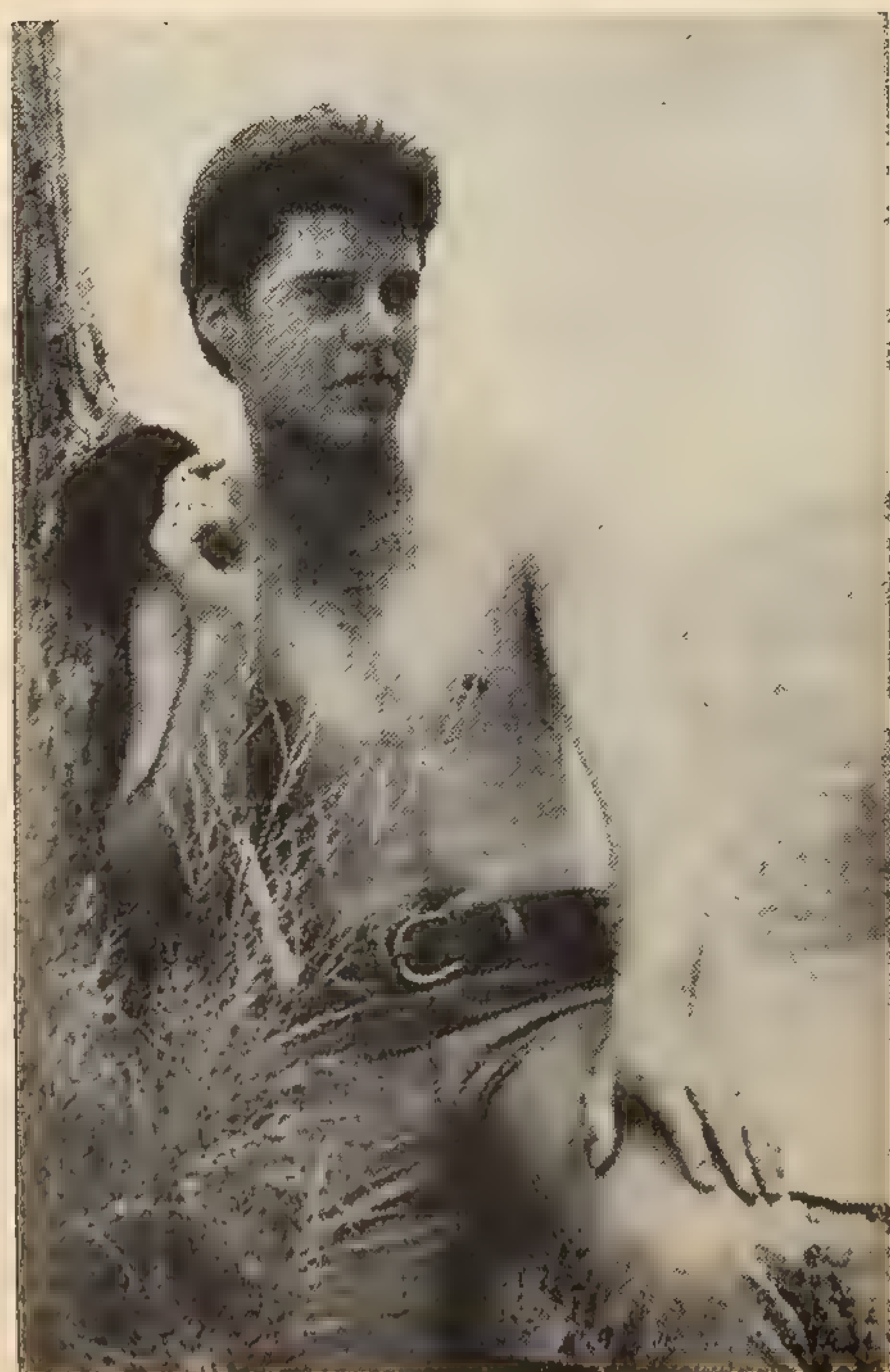
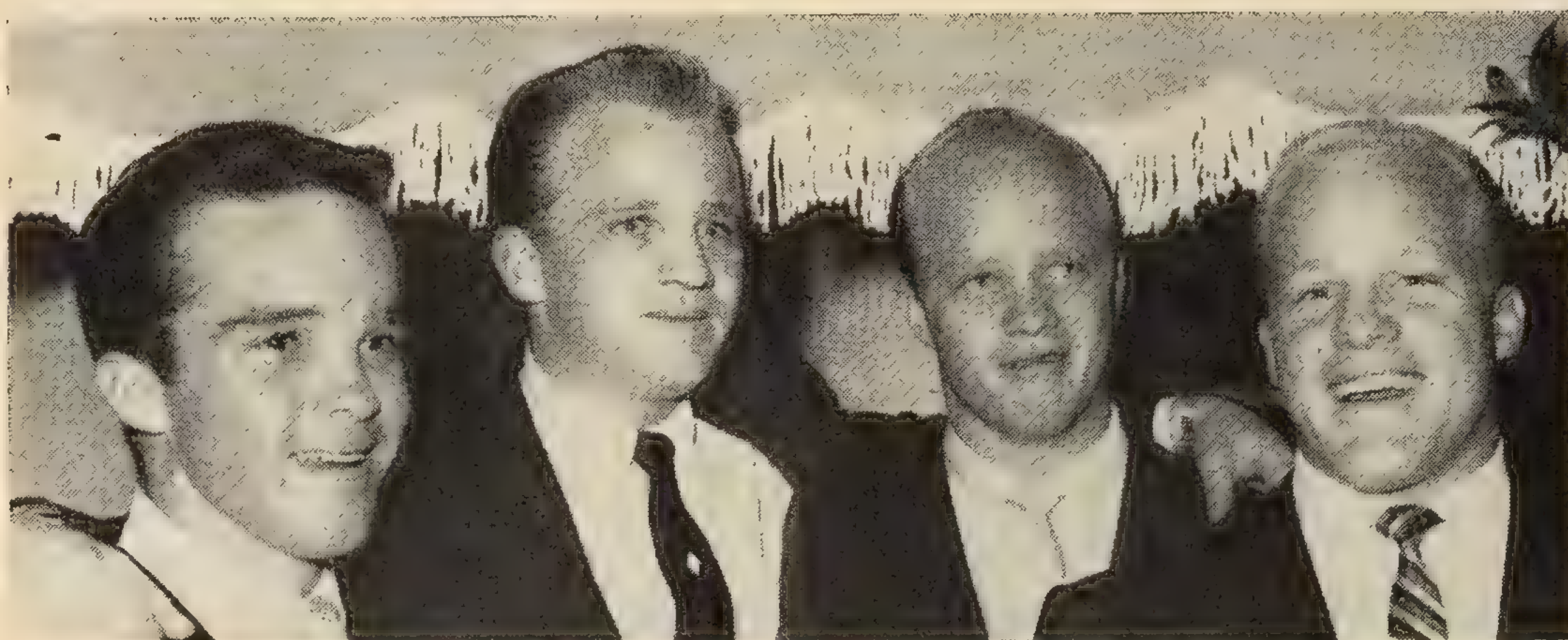
## LOUELLA PARSONS in Hollywood *Continued*



*I have received so many bitter letters about Elizabeth Taylor, more than I have ever seen on any other star.*



*With his marriage to Sandra Drummond, Phillip becomes the second Crosby to marry a showgirl. Will Lindsay and Gary follow suit? Who knows?*



*Ricky Nelson (left) has been accused of trying to look and act like Elvis Presley . . . Meanwhile, another reader wonders about where in the world Farley Granger has been.*

## THE LETTER BOX:

I'm still digging myself out of the airmailed snow storm of letters directed to my desk about the **Liz Taylor - Eddie Fisher - Debbie Reynolds** holocaust. Some are bitter, threatening and abusive. Some are disillusioned ("I'll never again believe in a Hollywood marriage"); a few are pitying ("Why the sticks and stones against people who have no religious training and no code of ethics?").

Elizabeth Taylor is getting the worst blistering ever directed against a star in my history as a columnist—and that includes the **Ingrid Bergman-Roberto Rossellini** scandal.

Debbie Reynolds is the heroine. Eddie the "mixed-up, infatuation-blinded, erring husband," to put it kindly.

There are many many wishes that Debbie and Eddie will get back together again. This is the consensus of opinions in the mail—but to print it all would take this whole book. So on to other mail:

DON DIETERLE asks: Where in the world is **Farley Granger**? Have producers completely forgotten this fine actor who was so hot just four years ago? I've heard he is 'difficult'—but is he more difficult than **Monty Clift** and other stars now working? When Farley left Hollywood early in 1957 he said he wouldn't be back until he found a script he really liked. So far, nothing.

I deeply resent all the cracks about the **Crosby** boys marrying chorus girls, snaps KEWPIE CARTWRIGHT, BROOKLYN. What's wrong with chorus girls? I'm one. Absolutely nothing wrong with chorus girls, Kewpie. They are a hard working group and many stars have come from the 'line.' Good luck to you. . . .

From MAURE LEE TALLEY, ST. LOUIS, comes: When I was a teenager (fifteen years ago) movies were romantic and we held hands with our best fellas. Now films are so filled with suggestive sex, the youngsters are ashamed to hold hands. Oh come now, there's still a lot of hand-holding at the movies, my friend. . . .

Don't you think **Rick Nelson** is copying **Elvis Presley** too much, even to dating many of the same girls? asks ANNE CONNORS, MILLINGTON, TENN. Rick's pictures in the fan magazines show him even trying to pose like Elvis. Anybody agree?

LOLA RICE, NEW YORK, is Sick of reading and looking at those foreign actresses, **Brigitte Bardot, Lollobrigida, Sophia Loren** and all the other busty big bores! Why give them all the big roles and publicity that should go to our American girls, **Natalie Wood, Lana Turner, Kim Novak, and Debbie Reynolds**? Can't agree with you that Kim, Debbie, Lana are suffering from lack of good roles and publicity—and Natalie is on suspension. . . .

I believe that **Andy Griffith** is the most wholesome, likeable star since the late, great **Charles Ray** writes MRS. VERNE MACO, DENVER. Why don't you suggest that Andy be starred in some of the old Ray classics? Consider it suggested, MRS. M. It's a nice idea.

That's all for now. See you next month.

*Louella Parsons*



## DECEMBER BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday falls in December, your birthstone is turquoise, your flower is poinsettia, and here are some of the stars that share your birthday with you:

December 1—**Allyn McLerie**

December 2—**Julie Harris**

December 6—**Agnes Moorehead**  
**Bobby Van**

December 7—**Rod Cameron**

December 8—**Dewey Martin**

December 9—**Broderick Crawford**  
**Kirk Douglas**

December 10—**Dorothy Lamour**  
**Barbara Nichols**

December 11—**Betsy Blair**

December 12—**Edward G. Robinson**  
**Frank Sinatra**

December 13—**Van Heflin**  
**Mark Stevens**  
**Don Taylor**

December 14—**Dan Dailey**  
**Abbe Lane**

December 15—**Jeff Chandler**

December 17—**Richard Long**

December 19—**Edmond Purdom**

December 20—**Irene Dunne**  
**Mala Powers**  
**Audrey Totter**

December 23—**Ruth Roman**  
**Barbara Ruick**

December 24—**Ava Gardner**

December 26—**Steve Allen**  
**Richard Widmark**

December 27—**Jerome Courtland**  
**Marlene Dietrich**

December 28—**Lew Ayres**  
**Hildegard Neff**

December 30—**Russ Tamblyn**  
**Jo Van Fleet**



**Lee J. Cobb**  
December 9



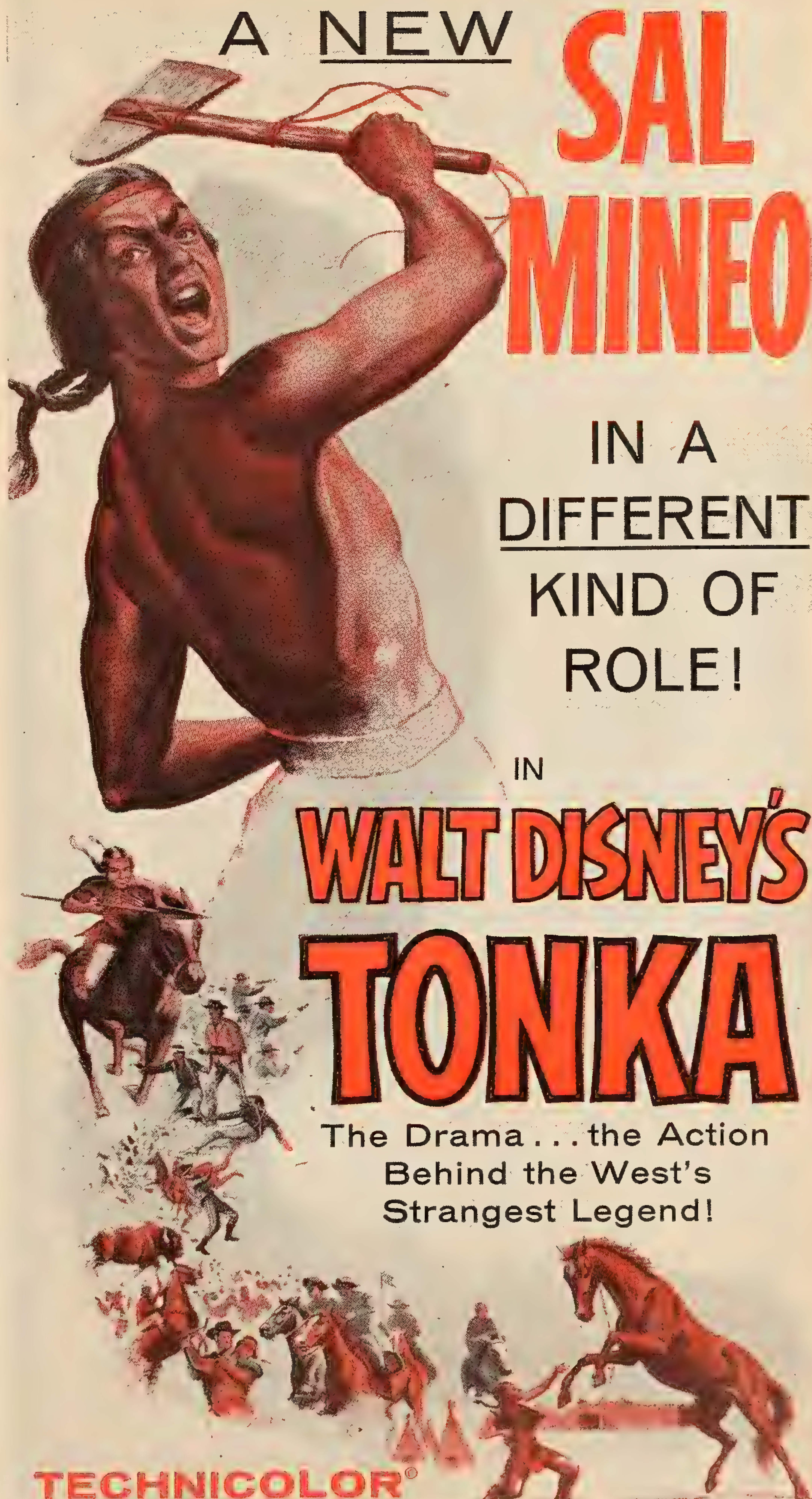
**Marie Windsor**  
December 11



**Betty Grable**  
December 18



**Tony Martin**  
December 25



**A NEW**

**SAL**

**MINEO**

**IN A**

**DIFFERENT**

**KIND OF**

**ROLE!**

**IN**

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**TONKA**

The Drama...the Action  
Behind the West's  
Strangest Legend!

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Directed by **JOY PAGE • BRITT LOMOND • LEWIS R. FOSTER • LEWIS R. FOSTER & LILLIE HAYWARD**

Screenplay by **JOY PAGE • BRITT LOMOND • LEWIS R. FOSTER • LEWIS R. FOSTER & LILLIE HAYWARD**

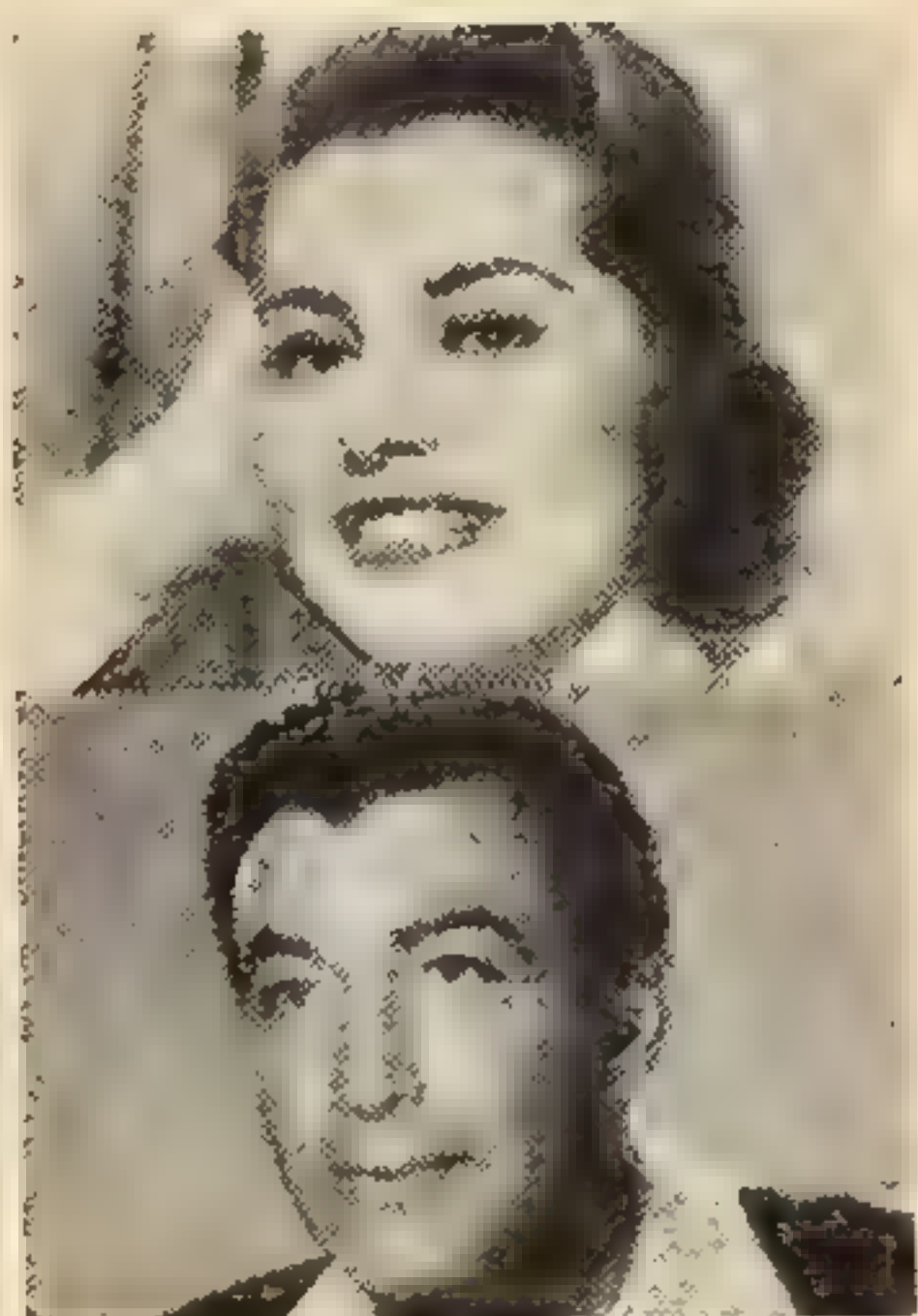
Based on the book "COMANCHE" by **DAVID APPEL** • Produced by **JAMES PRATT**

Distributed by **Buena Vista** Film Distribution Co., Inc.  
(©) WALT DISNEY PRODUCTIONS

**WATCH FOR IT AT YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE!**



# SHOP EARLY FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS



**H**ollywood stars are now taking time from their busy shooting schedules to do their Christmas shopping early. Follow their plan and get your gift-giving selections behind you, too. Early shopping gives you the best selec-

tion of merchandise, makes wrapping and tying a treat instead of a chore—and best of all, it clears your schedule so you can enjoy more dates and parties during the holidays. As a major part of your holiday fun, be sure and see these wonderful star teams in their new Metro-Goldwyn-

Mayer film releases: Cyd Charisse and Robert Taylor in *Party Girl*; Doris Day and Richard Widmark in *The Tunnel of Love*; and Elizabeth Taylor and Paul Newman in *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*. All of the star photos by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

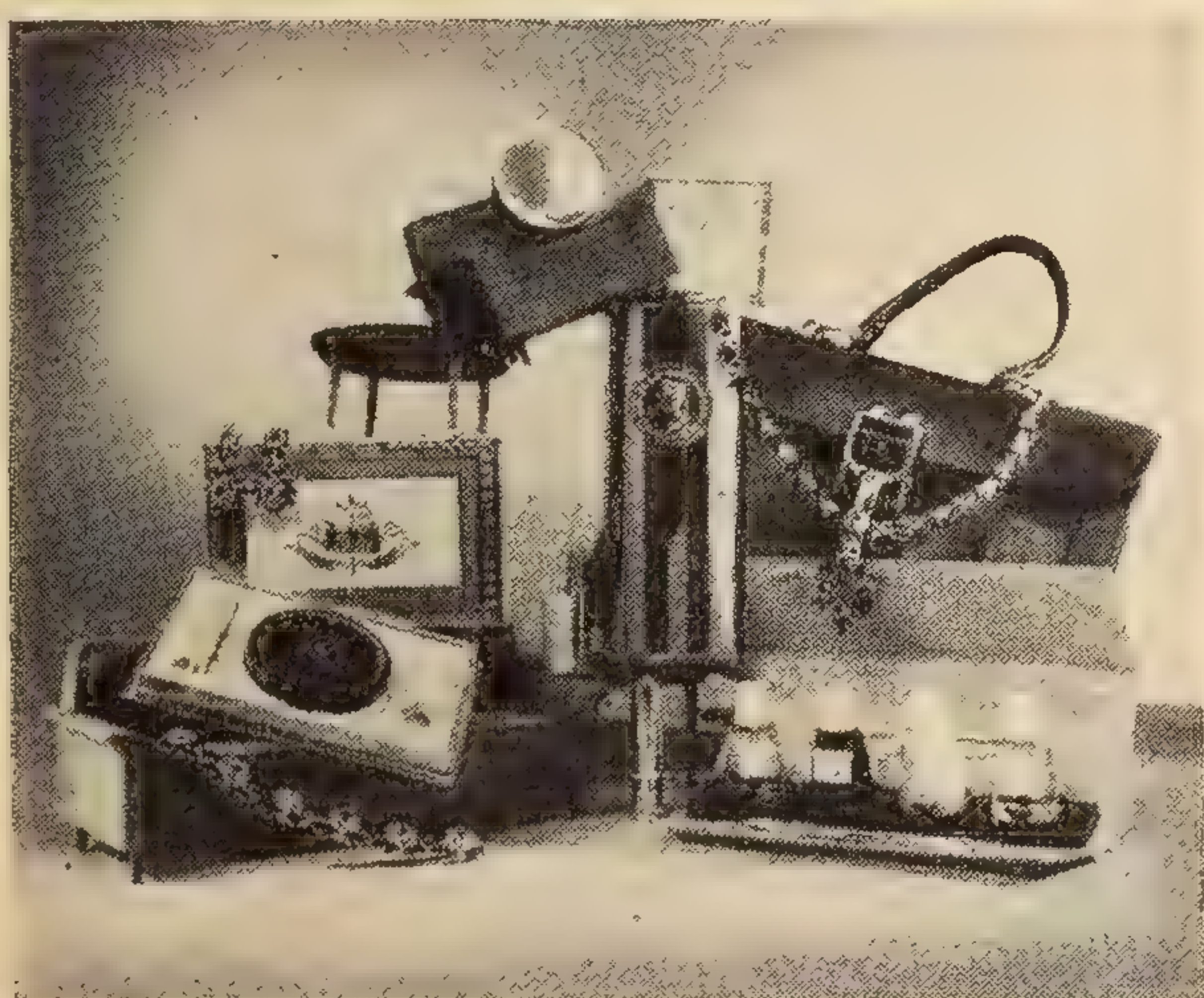




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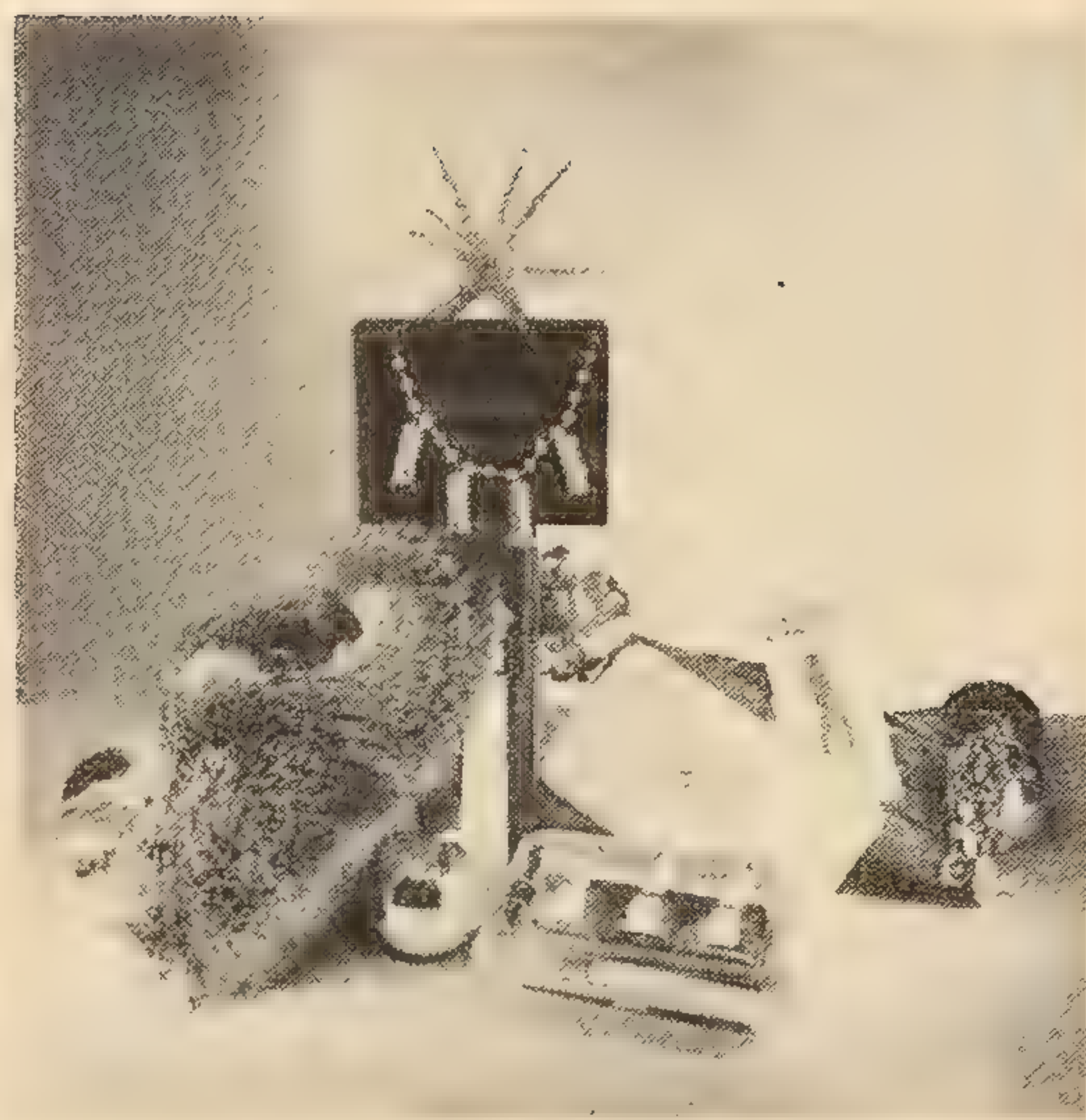
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**G**et your Christmas shopping off to a wonderful start with these fashionable gift selections, too. Beautiful gifts and beautiful prices—from one dollar up, some even less! 1. Evening in Paris fragrance by Bourjois comes in exciting single units or multiple group sets; Beautiful Bryan stockings hand-jeweled by Ellen Troy; Kleinert's "Beau" boudoir bonnet; Riche-lieu jewelry; Meyers Make Kidwin leather gloves; bow tree of Bur-Mil instant bow ribbon. 2. April Showers fragrance by Cheramy; Houbigant's Chantilly fragrance; golden highlights—Trifari jewelry and Gustave's crocheted scuff; embroidered Kidwin shorties. 3. Parfum Anjou in Heavenly Twins duet, Celestial and Apropos fragrances, and the Double Dare duet, Devastating and Side Glance fragrances—also, dusting powder in Celestial fragrance; Rolfs carry-all handbag of leather and suede; Carlisle cardigan of Tycora; Harold J. Rubin of New York mink tail beanie. 4. Jergens collections of dainties, including bath oil, salts and hand lotion; Capri jewelry and Hanes seamless stockings. 5. Max Factor's Hi-Society new refillable lipstick case and intriguing Hypnotique fragrance; Meyers Make Launderleather gloves; Laros lingerie; Hanes seamless stockings; and Vogue jewelry—dripping from another bow tree made of Bur-Mil instant bow ribbon. 6. A fabulous collection of Revlon lovelies from famous Futurama lipstick case to exquisite manicure case; Trifari jewelry; Park Lane handbag; and Smart '59 miniature copies of Kroehler's furniture for "little ladies." 7. Lenthéric—Tweed or Dark Brilliance fragrances; King's Men, of course, for him; Gustave's scuffs of Cone Washcord corduroy; Capri jewelry; and a Westinghouse portable transistor radio. 8. Jolene shoes for party going—Fedra pump of silk flake fabric and Bandy Spring-o-Lator of plastic, with sparkles; Schiaparelli dotted net over silk half slip; Harold J. Rubin black fox tail purse; Milot's fashionable Crepe de Chine fragrance; Capri jewelry; Hanes seamless stockings; and Guerlain's Madame and Monsieur set of Shalimar and Veritable. 9. Novel and new Cutex multiple lipstick bracelet and a smartly decorated Cutex manicure travel set; Bonnie Doon Streamliner of red Tycora; Capri's topaz dangle pin; and Capezio's fabulous red fox lounging slippers. 10. Coty's L'Aimant and Emeraude fragrances all dressed up for Christmas; Trifari's bead and crystal jewelry; and another of Gustave's scuffs—this one of velvet and gilt with floral trim.



## GIFTS (continued)

11. Tussy's fragrances of Midnight and Bright Secret; Playtex turban shower cap; Adelaar's white blouse of Tycora; and Dr. Scholl's dual electric foot massager. 12. For Him, one of Sportsman's single units or gift package sets; DuBarry's fragrances, Seven Winds and brand new fragrance Deauville—don't miss Sportsman's Kool Kat Shaving Lotion or DuBarry's Queen Bee compact and Royal lipstick. 13. Dorothy Gray's favorite fragrances of French Lilac, Figurine, Voltage and famous Aureate. 14. Cone wide-wale corduroy slacks by Halpern and Christenfeld; Carousel package of Lucien Lelong's top fragrances; Service-master's quick and easy party clean-up kit for carpets and upholstery.

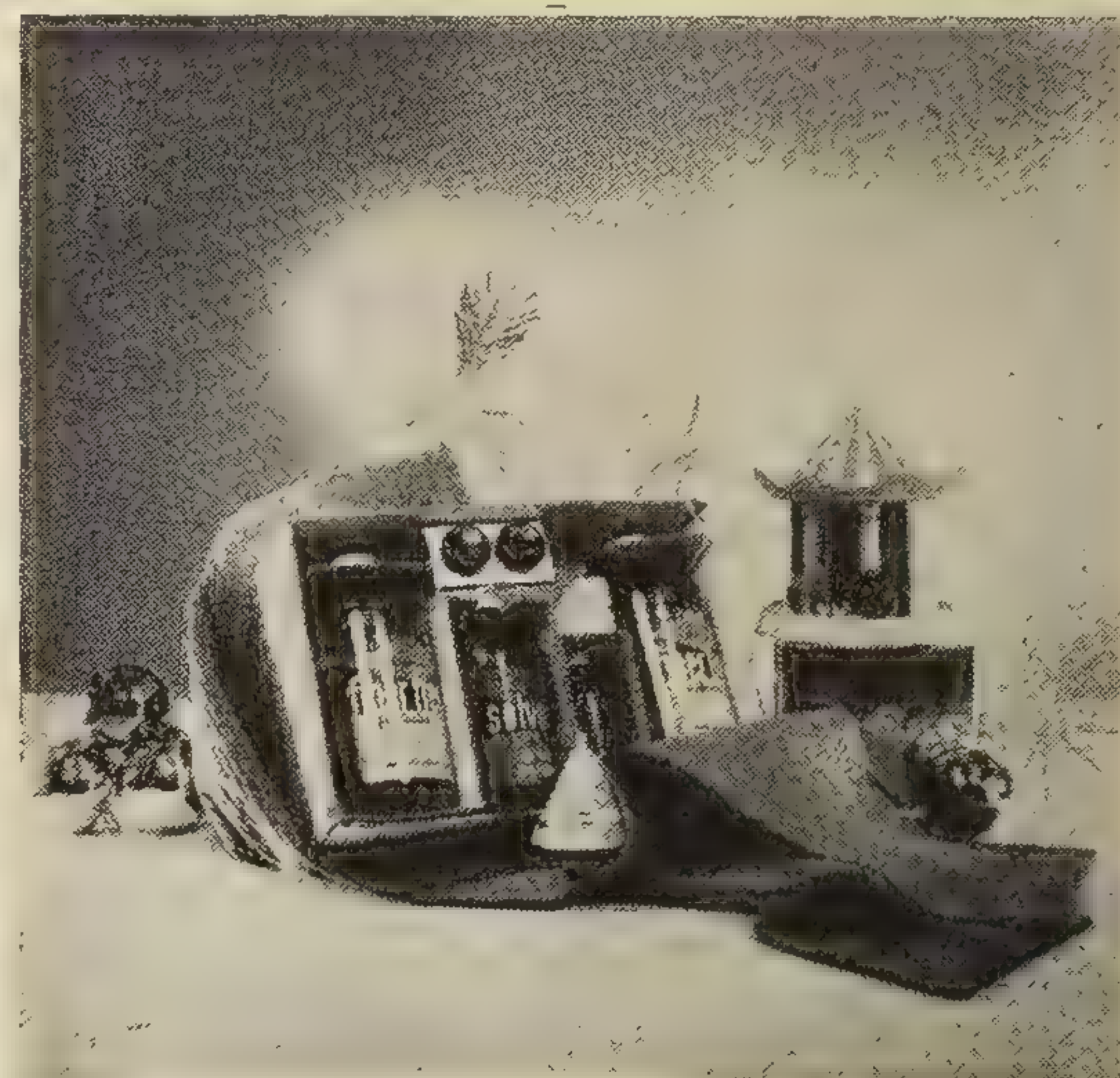
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12



13



13

14

All photos by Prigent



Dana Andrews poses exclusively for Modern Screen aboard Moore-McCormack's great new ship—Brasil—just before her holiday sailing to South America. The luggage is all by Samsonite. The new latex-backed light-weight, wrinkle-free "soft-sided" luggage for men and women (at left) is water-repellent and zippered for easy packing—the matching travel bag (at far right) has over-size pocket for shoes, books, etc. Grey, brown, tan, blue or blond. The Silhouette luggage (at right, near Dana) is slimmed to natural flowing lines for jet age travel. It features recessed locks that trigger open with finger touch—they stay closed in a pile-up! Grey, white, tan, light blue or brown. With this luggage you can travel by boat or plane, bus or car. You'll love it and, a starter piece makes a wonderful Christmas gift. Dana is currently appearing on the stage in New York in *Two for the Seesaw*. Dana is also starring in a wonderful new film, *The Fearmakers*—a current United Artists release.



## my search for christmas

(Continued from page 14) of admission out of the two bucks I had.

Now maybe you won't believe it, but in the midst of that whoop-de-doo Broadway hell I found heaven at the Gay Blades Skating Rink. . . .

### The girl with the bubble gum

Her name was Rita. Rita Romano. She wasn't pretty the way the models and actresses look in the magazines. She had long, black hair that she wore in a soft, wavy pompadour (it was the hairstyle then), big, wide-set brown eyes and a smile that was worth the price of admission any day in the week.

That wide, open smile—it was what attracted me to her first. An honest smile. She wasn't posing or pretending or trying to put on the dog. Her smile came from her heart; it was genuine.

She wore a tight red sweater with tight black skating pants. She wore lots of dark red lipstick and chewed bubble gum.

Maybe she didn't look like the girl next door, all delicate and frilly. But she was friendly, and with that smile. . . . Well, it made me forget about appearances. After all, prettiness isn't everything in a girl. Personality counts, too.

Rita was eighteen—she told me this later. She had finished school and had a job as a typist for some blouse manufacturer.

We skated for a while, both of us separately, but we smiled at each other. In a way we were flirting. Every time we passed one another on the rink, we'd flash a big grin. It was like a game, smiling and waiting to see who would speak first.

I couldn't stand it any longer. After enough smiles, I went up to her at the end of a skating session and said, "Hi."

She smiled. "How's the Coast Guard treating its infants these days?" she cracked back in a thick, Brooklynese dialect.

"Lousy," I told her.

"How come?" she said, making a funny pouting face. Then she blew a bubble with her gum, and I burst out laughing.

She was a wisecracker, all right, but her gum—it killed me. She chewed it as if bubble gum would be banned tomorrow. She wanted to get every possible bubble out of it.

"Oh," I said, after her bubble busted, "when it's Christmas, nobody in his right mind wants to be in uniform. It's like being in prison."

She looked at me sadly for a moment. "Well, you're not in prison now, are you? You're in New York. The biggest free-for-all in the whole wide world. So, take it easy, little one. Relax."

The music started again. The hurdy-gurdy tempo was lilting.

"Can . . . can I . . . ? I was embarrassed to come right out and ask her for a dance.

I guess she knew what I wanted to say. She said, "You wanna skate with me?"

I breathed a sigh of relief. I was so glad. I was afraid she thought I was a green kid from the sticks with soap behind the ears. Well, I guess to tell the truth, I was.

### Advice from Brooklyn

Holding hands, the two of us began to skate all around the rink, and I remember I looked up to the blue ceiling and said a prayer of thanks to God for looking after me, for not letting me be alone on this special Saturday night.

We skated merrily, and we talked, all about ourselves. I told her about my



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\*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.





Coast Guard training, and how anxious I was to get away from it all—from the petty officers and the awful details. I wanted to start working, I told her.

"Don't be so anxious, Artie boy," she said in her Brooklynese speech. "You're going to have to work the rest of your life, so don't break your back. You're young, aren't you? It looks like they robbed the cradle to put you in the Coast Guard!" She laughed and blew another bubble and looked at me with her big brown eyes. "It's a good racket, the Coast Guard, isn't it? So stick with it. When you come out into this working world, Artie boy, it's dog eat dog, and then look out!"

I liked her. She was frank and down-to-earth. We skated some more to the music of the hurdy-gurdy and to those oldtime gay nineties tunes. I asked her if she wanted to go for a cup of hot chocolate.

She had her own skates, and I offered to carry them for her. We went to a doughnut shop for hot chocolate with whipped cream and cinnamon doughnuts. She told me all about her family. She was Italian. Her parents came from the island of Sicily. Her father was a bricklayer. They had a lot of company at their house for the holiday, and she had had her fill of it, wanted to get away from it all for the night.

"It's too much," she said. "My sister and her kids and all my aunts and uncles. It's fun, sure, but I get tired of it, too. Everybody's saying, 'Hey Rita, when you gonna get married?' and that kind of talk bugs me. So I figured I'd go skating and get away from them."

I glanced at my watch. It was almost eleven o'clock.

"You gotta get back?" she asked, cracking her gum and squirming in the small booth.

"No," I said. "I was only wondering about you."

"Well, don't," she said. "Me, I'm Miss Independence. I come and go as I please. My mother trusts me—finally! Me, with my big mouth, I told her off. I said if she didn't trust me I'd leave home. And she's never said another word about the hours I keep or anything. You'd think I was a stay-out the way I talk. Most of the time, would you believe it, I'm in bed by eleven o'clock. But I want to know I can stay out late if I feel like staying out. After all, I'm not a kid. I'm a working girl. I know how to look after myself. I tell my mother, 'Look, Mom, a girl can get attacked in broad daylight just as easy.' Maniacs, they don't know the difference between night and day."

She made me laugh. She patted her hair

in place and cracked her gum and said, "I'll bet you think I'm brazen?"

"No," I said. "Just honest."

#### Christmas on Fifth Avenue

"Hey," she interrupted, "did you see the Fifth Avenue windows?"

"What?"

"You know. Fifth Avenue. All the department store windows."

"Nope," I told her.

"Oh gee," she said, "that's terrible. You gonna be here tomorrow? You oughta have a look. They're fabulous. That's the best part of Christmas in New York."

I told her I was headed back for camp that night.

"Aw," she said with a sad note in her voice, "that's a shame. I hate for you to miss them."

The way she said it I knew she meant it from her heart. We sat for a minute saying nothing.

"Hey, Artie," she said. "Why are we sitting here wasting time? Let's get a move on and I'll show them to you. I'll show you all of Fifth Avenue if you've got the time."

I paid the check and slung her ice skates over my shoulders, and we walked into the frosty outdoors. Snow began to fall, millions of white petals of snow, and suddenly the tawdry face of Broadway smiled and winked in the whiteness.

Rita covered her dark hair with a fringed babushka. We walked along Broadway and turned at Forty-ninth Street. She showed me Rockefeller Center with its huge Christmas tree, the biggest I'd ever seen in my life. Its Christmas lights were the size of basketballs.

We began our tour of the Fifth Avenue shop windows, each one more fabulous than the other. The ones we liked the best, we decided, were Lord & Taylor's: glittering, garlanded scenes in each window of the famous *Nutcracker Suite*—sugar-plum fairies and gilded swans and soldiers with silver trumpets.

Deserted and empty, Fifth Avenue was unlike the razz-ma-tazz streets of Broadway. We walked along its dark sidewalks, the snow falling on our faces, and I reached out and held her hand and she smiled that big, wide smile of hers.

"When are you heading back to camp?" she asked.

"Later," I told her. I didn't want to think of the Coast Guard with its rules and regulations, of those drafty barracks with their squadrooms of snoring men. I wanted to enjoy this night. It was my Christmas.

Soon we were standing in front of St. Patrick's Cathedral. The sky was dark, but

St. Patrick's grey spires were outlined with snow. We climbed up the wide, snow-carpeted steps and went indoors.

Its interior was awesome: large and curved and mellow from the loving hand of age. There were hundreds of dark wood pews, hundreds of white candles flickering before the fourteen Stations of the Cross. Up front, there was an altar of gold.

Rita and I walked to the fountain of holy water and crossed ourselves. We knelt and said prayers in the empty cathedral. There were only a few other people—you could count them on your fingers. Only last night, I thought, this church was jammed with thousands of people for Cardinal Spellman's famous Midnight Mass. I lighted a candle to St. Jude who's always brought me luck. I lighted it for the two of us.

Praying with someone is one of the most personal things in the world. Somehow or other, if you can kneel with someone beside you and get lost in prayer, then the two of you are sharing in something spiritual and profound. I'm not saying you have to be of the same religion, but praying, in whatever language or faith, is a deep and personal thing; and if you can share this with someone, you feel a strange closeness to them for the moment.

Rita dropped some coins in the poor-box as we were leaving. I decided I would, too. I had thirty cents in my pocket, so I left a dime.

I took Rita home to Brooklyn on the subway and told her I'd come in next Saturday night, January 2nd, and we'd celebrate the New Year. I took her address and telephone number, and before I said good-bye, she said, "Hey, Artie?"

"Yeah?" I answered, standing on the porch outside her house and shivering from the cold. Either the temperature had dropped or Brooklyn was colder.

"This is for you," and she leaned over and gave me a smacking kiss. "Merry Christmas, kid."

We said good night, and I stomped out into the blizzard night. It was after one o'clock, and I must have walked for miles before I came to the Brooklyn Bridge, and I got a lift into New York where I got another lift to the highway and Groton.

I arrived in Groton at 5:00 a.m. I sneaked into camp. I got to the barracks and decided it would be silly to fall asleep. In half an hour we'd be getting up for patrol duty. So I lay back on my bunk, with all my clothes on—pea jacket and all, thinking of Rita and my happy holiday and thanking God for my Christmas even though it came a day late.

But heaven can be a sometime thing.

I saw Rita again that next Saturday, but our date bombed. I had my paycheck for the month, and I wanted to take her to the plush Blue Angel night club, but she wanted to go to a hillbilly clipjoint called The Village Barn. I took her there, and I tried to talk with her but she was in a blue mood. We hardly said boo to each other. She was upset over something. I brought her home, and that was that: the end of Rita and Artie—a hello-and-good-bye affair. . . .

But every Christmas I still think of Rita, and I say to myself, Christmas—you are the day of the New-Born King, the day of the Christ Child born in the manger on a silent night in Bethlehem—but Christmas, you are a woman, too.

Christmas is the spirit of a kind, loving woman who looks at a lonely boy and smiles and gives him a little of the warmth in her heart. . . .

END

Tab is currently appearing in DAMN YANKEES for Warners, and will soon be seen in THAT KIND OF WOMAN for Paramount.

#### STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF

MODERN SCREEN, published monthly, except January, at Dunellen, New Jersey, for October 1, 1958

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Albert P. Delacorte, 150 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Editor, David Meyers, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Managing editor, Sam Blum, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Business manager, Helen Meyer, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.) Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Estate of Margarita E. Delacorte, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

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5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: (This information is required from daily, weekly, semiweekly, and triweekly newspapers only.)

(Signed) HELEN MEYER, Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 10th day of September, 1958.

(SEAL)

JOHN C. WEBER

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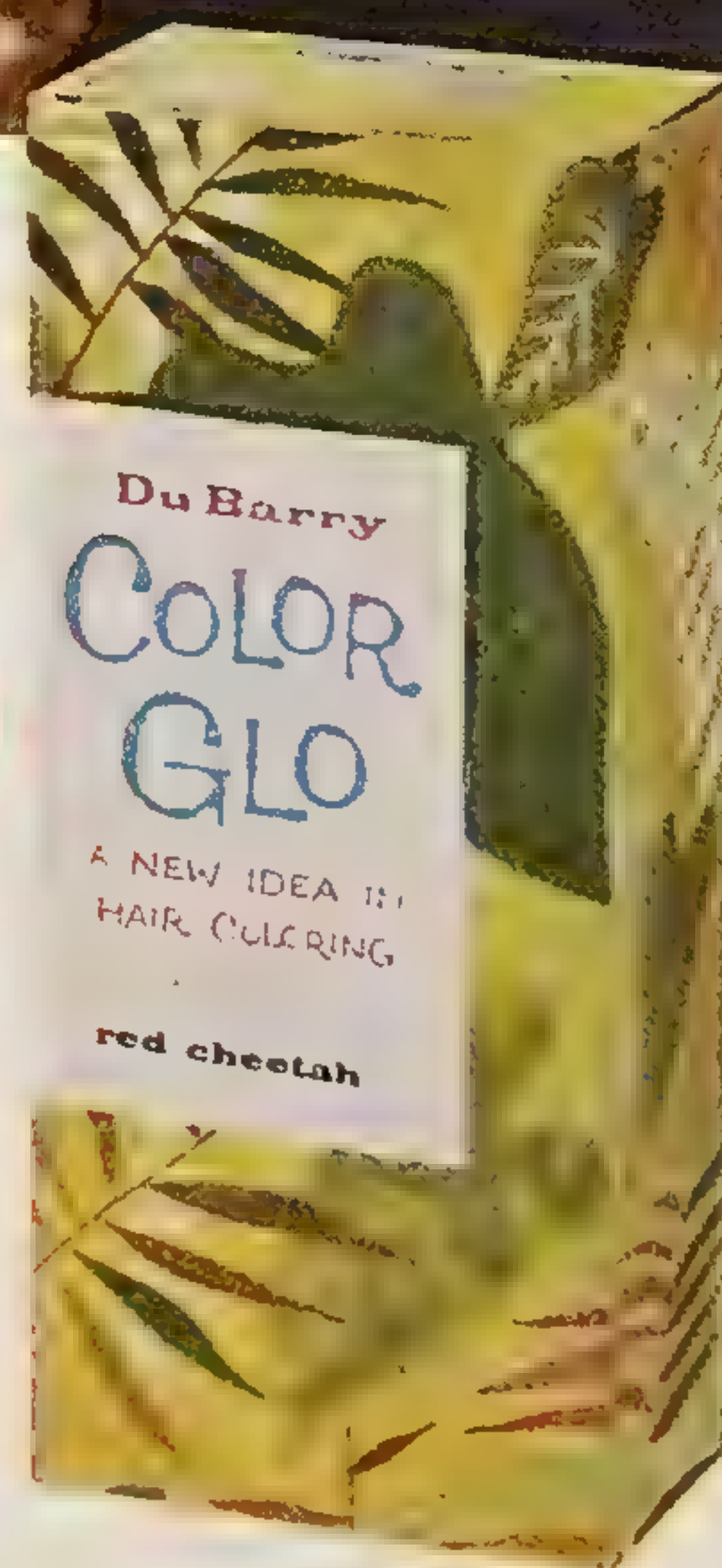
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Six sensational shades, 1.50 plus tax.



*These three photos of Eddie and Liz leaving a New York nightclub separately, then driving off together, gave Debbie the first clue that her marriage was over. . . .*




**“It seems unbelievable to say that you can live happily with a man and not know he doesn’t love you, but that, as God is my witness, is the truth.”**

*Debbie Reynolds*








Through these  
months of heartbreak,  
LOUELLA PARSONS  
has been at Debbie's  
side, a friend  
and advisor and spokesman...  
Louella has asked  
MODERN SCREEN  
to carry Debbie's plea  
to the world.

**"DON'T HURT  
DON'T HURT**





# EDDIE, MY HUSBAND"

**T**here is only *one* key figure in the Elizabeth Taylor - Eddie Fisher - Debbie Reynolds triangle and that is,—Debbie Reynolds!

It doesn't matter what Eddie's reasons are for wanting a divorce from Debbie so he can marry Liz, the woman with whom he has fallen madly (and *madly* is the word) in love.

No matter how Eddie and Liz want things to happen, their fate is in the hands of the girl who made the most heartbroken and heartbreaking statement ever spoken in the break-up of a Hollywood marriage. Said Debbie:

"It seems unbelievable to say that you can live happily with a man and not know he doesn't love you, but that, as God is my witness, is the truth.

"We had marital difficulties in the beginning as most couples do, but for the past one and a half years I have truly believed that we had found happiness. I know I had.

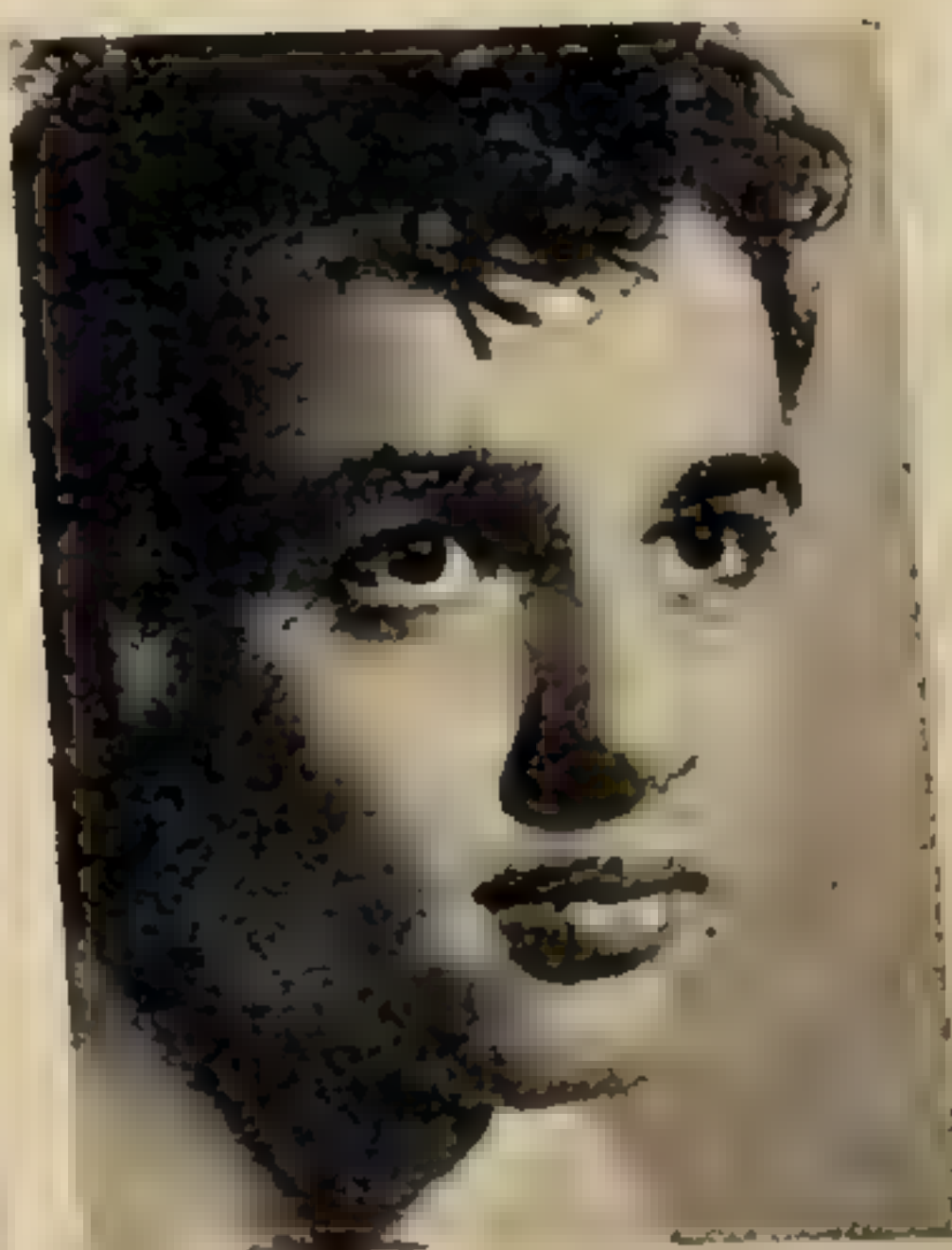
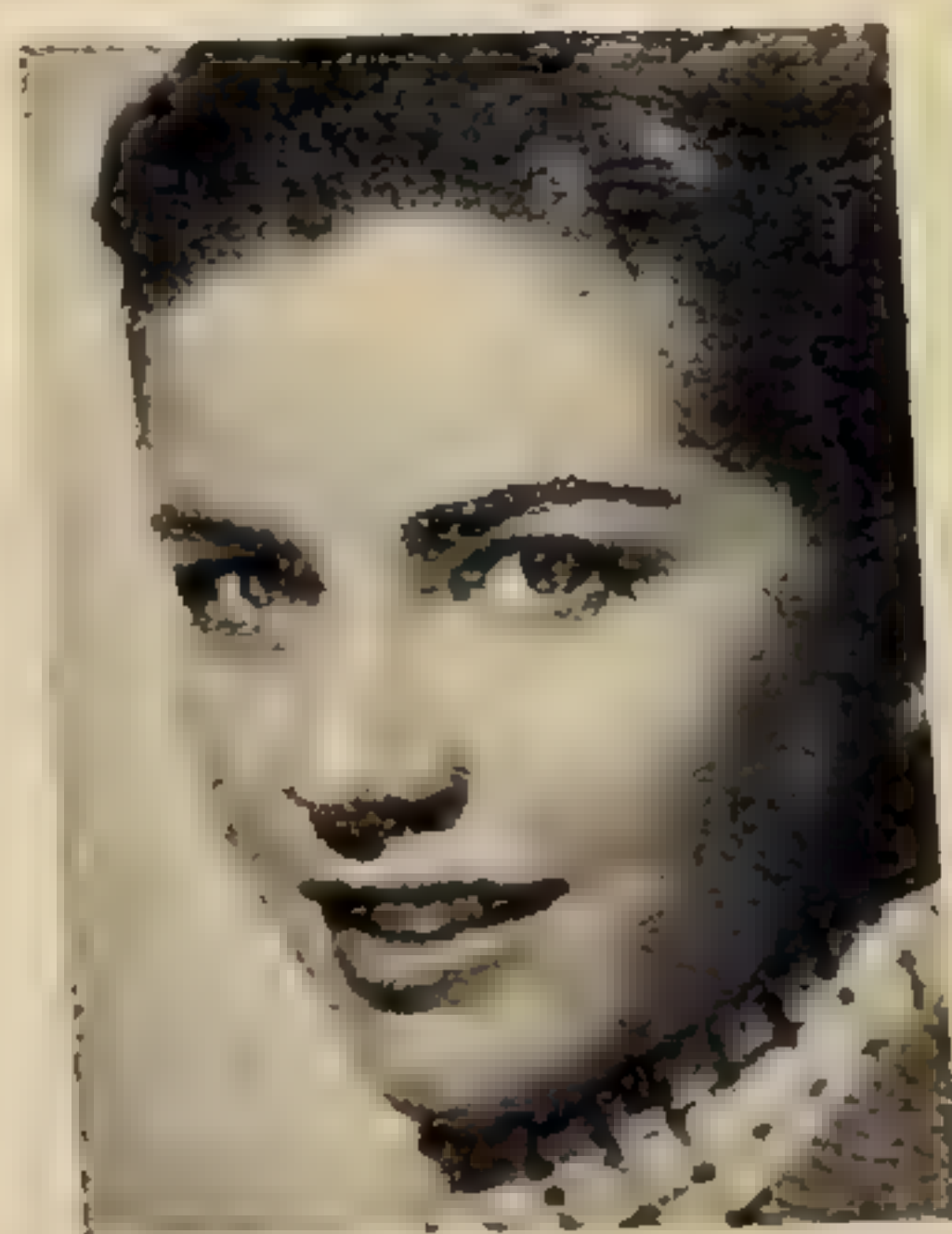
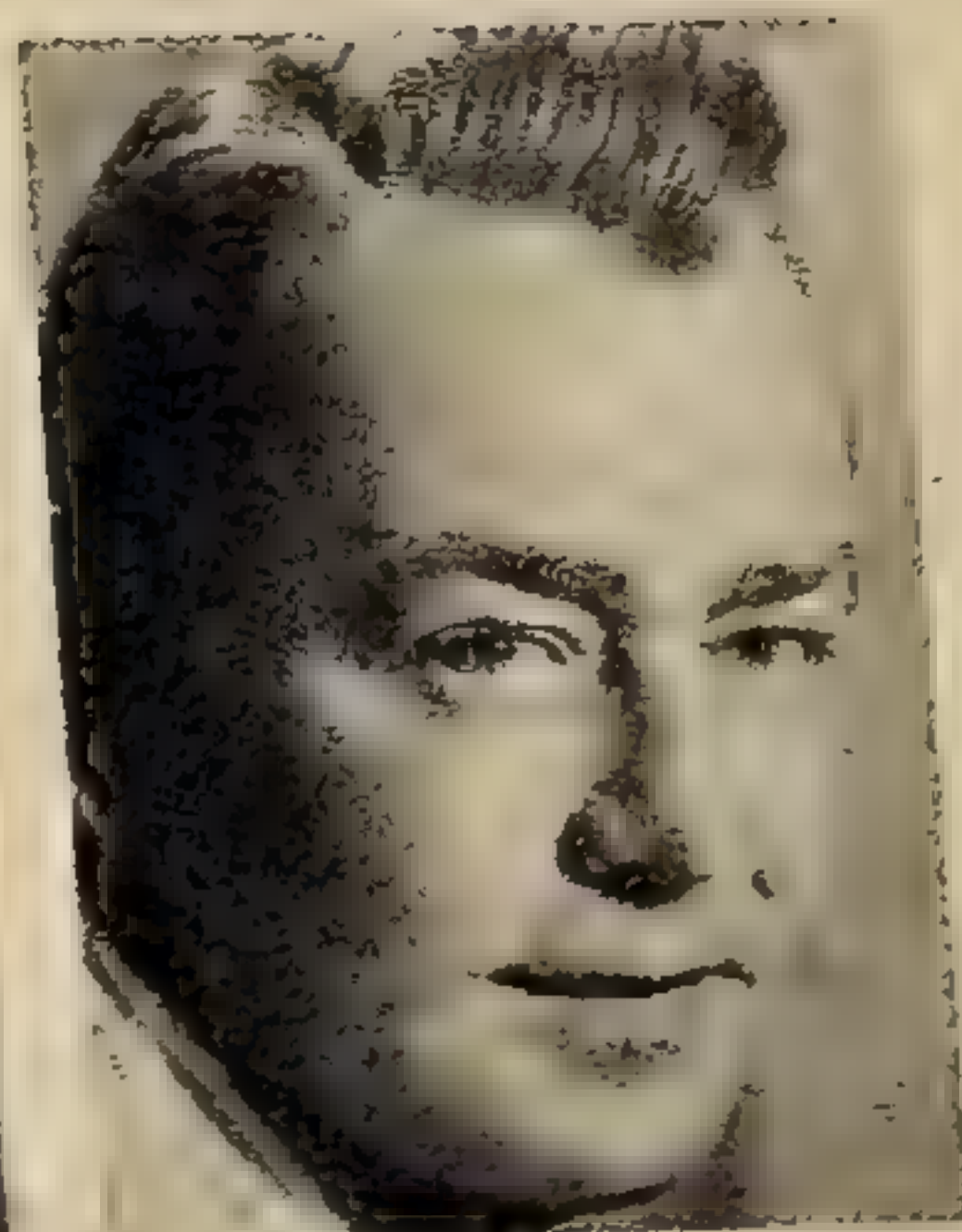
"I now realize when you are deeply in love . . . how blind you can be. Obviously I was.

"I will endeavor to use all my strength to (Continued on page 72)



# WHAT MY FAITH MEANS TO ME

8 stars  
tell of the  
presence  
of God in  
their lives







**SAL MINEO:**

## FAITH AND THE MIRACLE

Sal Mineo admits it. Before that night a few years ago, he was a religious boy—to a point. He went to church whenever he felt like going, mumbled his prayers quickly, crossed himself haphazardly when the people in the other pews did, and that was that.

"But then that night came," Sal says, "when we all thought that Sarina, my kid sister, was going to die. She was in the hospital with polio, the worst kind. The doctors had given up hope. All we could do, they said, was wait.

"We got a phone call one night, this particular night. It was a nurse and she told us to rush down to the hospital, that Sarina was sinking fast. When we got to the hospital we were allowed what everybody thought was going to be a last look. I noticed, when I looked at Sarina, that even though her eyes were closed and her skin was as white as the sheets around her, she was smiling and mumbling something, as if she were talking to someone . . . After a few minutes, a doctor came into the room and asked us to wait outside. We waited for one hour, two hours, three hours.

"And then the doctor, who'd been

walking in and out of the room all that time, came up to us all excited and said that the impossible had just taken place, that Sarina was pulling through and getting better all of a sudden instead of worse.

"A little while later, we were allowed to go back into the room for a minute. Sarina's eyes were open now. 'I had a beautiful dream,' she said, very softly. 'I was lying here in this bed, asleep, and I felt as if I were going to die. And then a Saint came to me and she said, 'Sarina, if you pray hard enough, you will not die.' And I prayed. . . ."

"Late that night when we got back home, after the doctor had assured us that Sarina was really going to be all right, I went to bed and I thanked God and His Saint for the miracle they had performed. I promised, too, that from that moment on I would honor my religion with all my might. Not out of gratitude only, I said. But, I said, because for the first time I really felt my religion, and realized how strong and good a thing it was."



**JERRY LEWIS:**

## THE BLENDING OF FAITHS

Mixed marriages are not uncom-

mon in Hollywood. Take, at random, Jerry Lewis, Tony Curtis, Shelley Winters and Marty Melcher. They are Jews. They are married, respectively, to Patti Lewis, Janet Leigh, Tony Franciosa and Doris Day—all Christians. Any religious conflicts here?

Jerry Lewis had an answer to that. "Lots of people ask about conflicts as if there should be conflicts," he says. "But why, why *should* there be? Just look at it this way. A person can get to Chicago many ways—by plane, by bus, by train or car. I—and lots of people I know out here—feel the same way about religion. Everyone is praying to the same place, and it makes no difference how they do it."

In Jerry's case—and Jerry is a practicing Jew, he makes a point of encouraging his wife to remain the devout Catholic she is. When Patti's mother died a few years ago, Jerry went out and bought a life-size marble statue of the saint that had been a favorite of hers and her daughter's—St. Anthony of the Poor—and had it placed in the Lewis' garden. Then he called out Patti and the children and, together, they all asked 'Dear Tony'—as Jerry affectionately refers to the saint—to pray for the repose of the dead woman's soul.

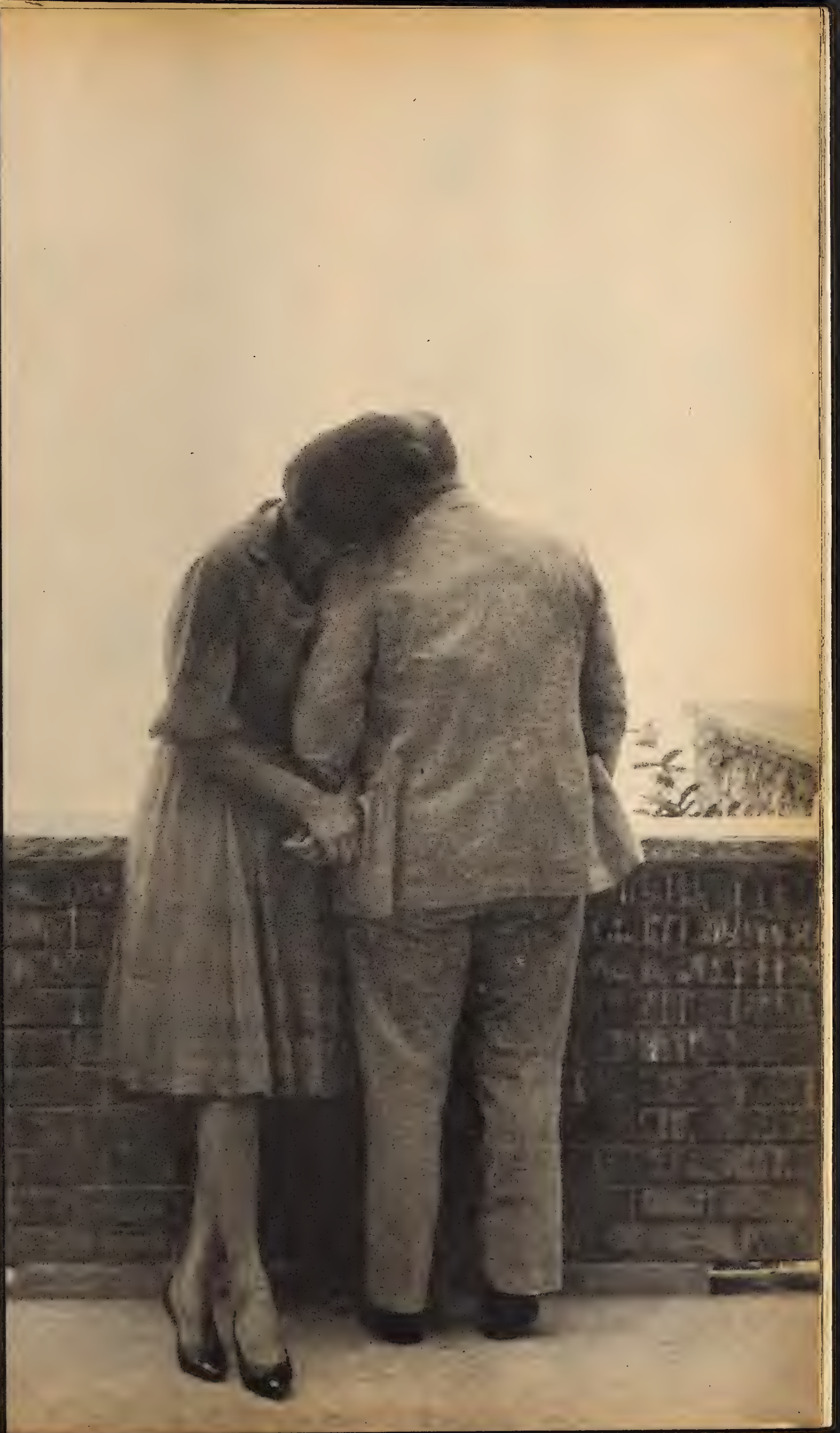
"That night," Jerry says, "was the beginning of Chanukah, an important Jewish holiday. I went to Temple and Patti came with me. It was wonderful having (Continued on page 62)



Tears come to their eyes when they look back... there is no returning...for one step into their homeland means going to jail. The charges? Bigamy and adultery! Sophia Loren and Carlo Ponti, a legally married couple, are branded love-criminals by their own country... for Italy recognizes no divorce and Carlo was married once before. What kind of lives do these exiles live? Sophia and Carlo asked us to spend the day with them. Switzerland, their present home, is very far away... still we wanted to know and went to see them....

## THE "SINNERS"









*This is their chateau in Switzerland. It's close enough to Italy to feel almost like home... but not quite....*



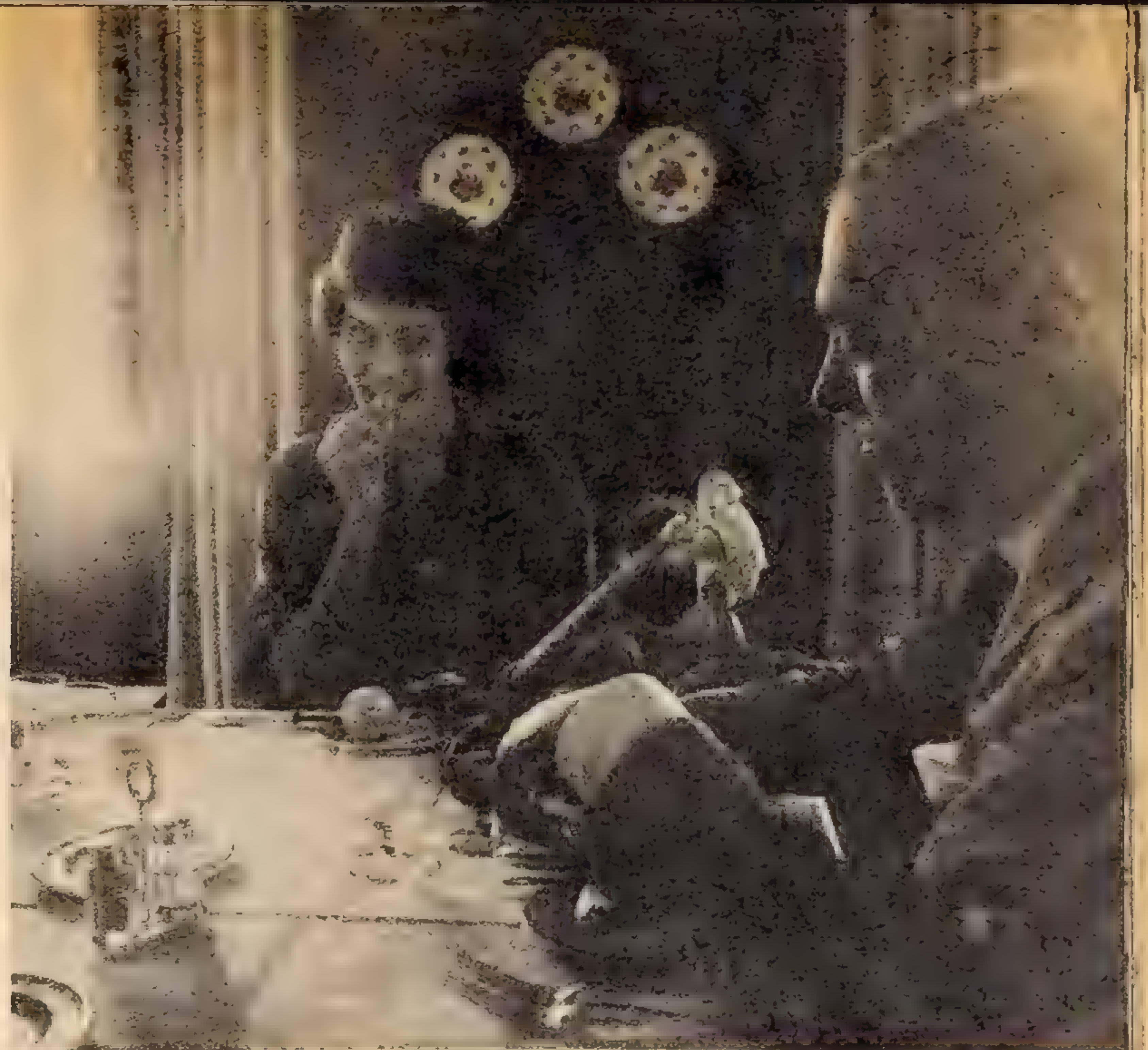
*Sophia and Carlo greeted us at the door with a lot more enthusiasm than this photo suggests. We represented MODERN SCREEN; we were friends, not enemies....*

*The telephone bell was the first sound we heard in the house. "That's Carlo's favorite toy," said Sophia. "It rings forever." "With good news or bad news?" we asked. "A little of both," she said.*





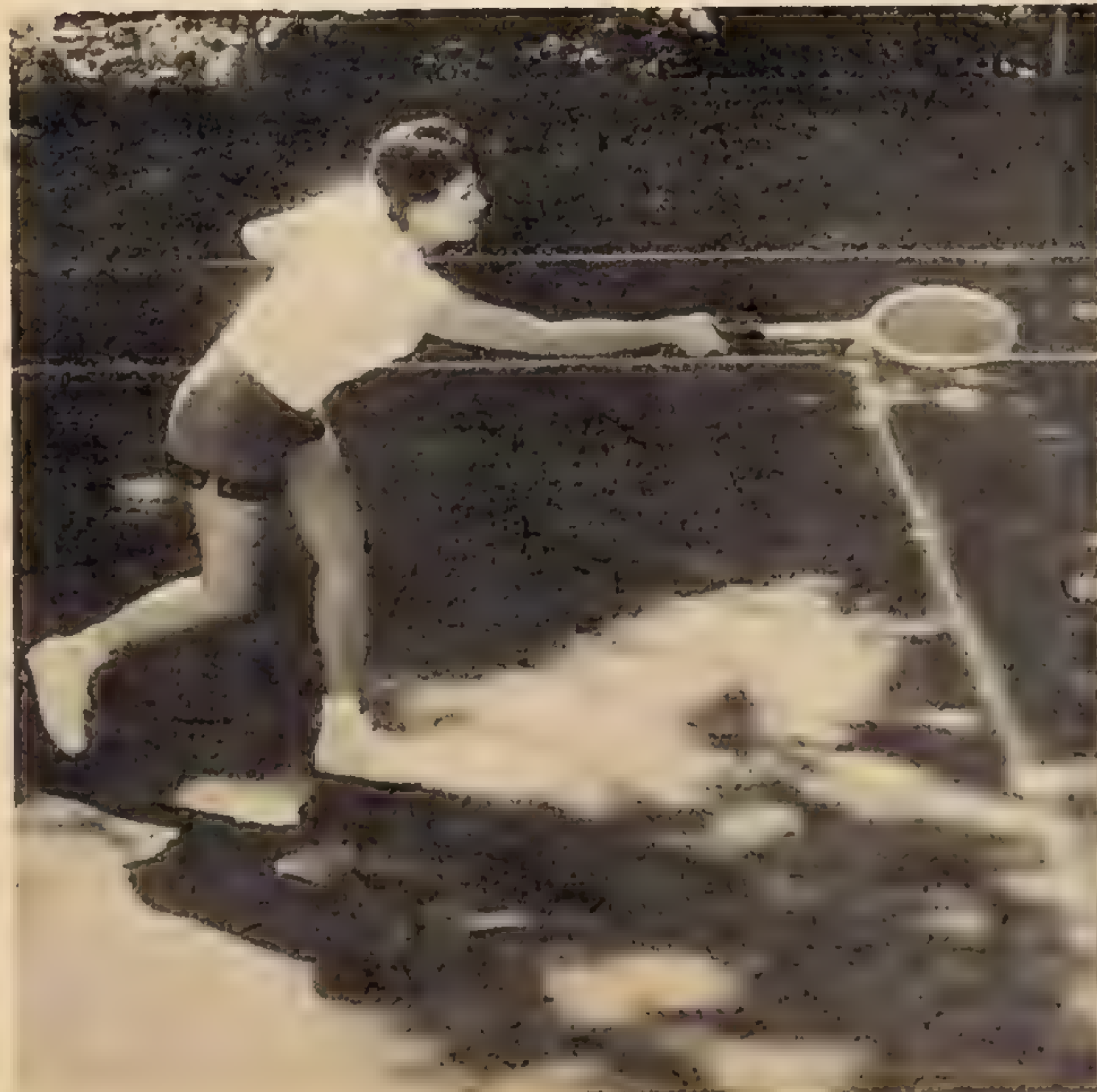
"What was that call about?" we asked. "A disappointment," said Sophia. "Carlo has a half-done film in Italy. Now it will never be finished."



"Let's eat and forget this nonsense," said Carlo. Spaghetti and meat, mineral water and white wine, then a huge dessert. "This is how Sophia KEEPS her figure," said Carlo proudly. "But also tennis... that's important too," added Sophia.



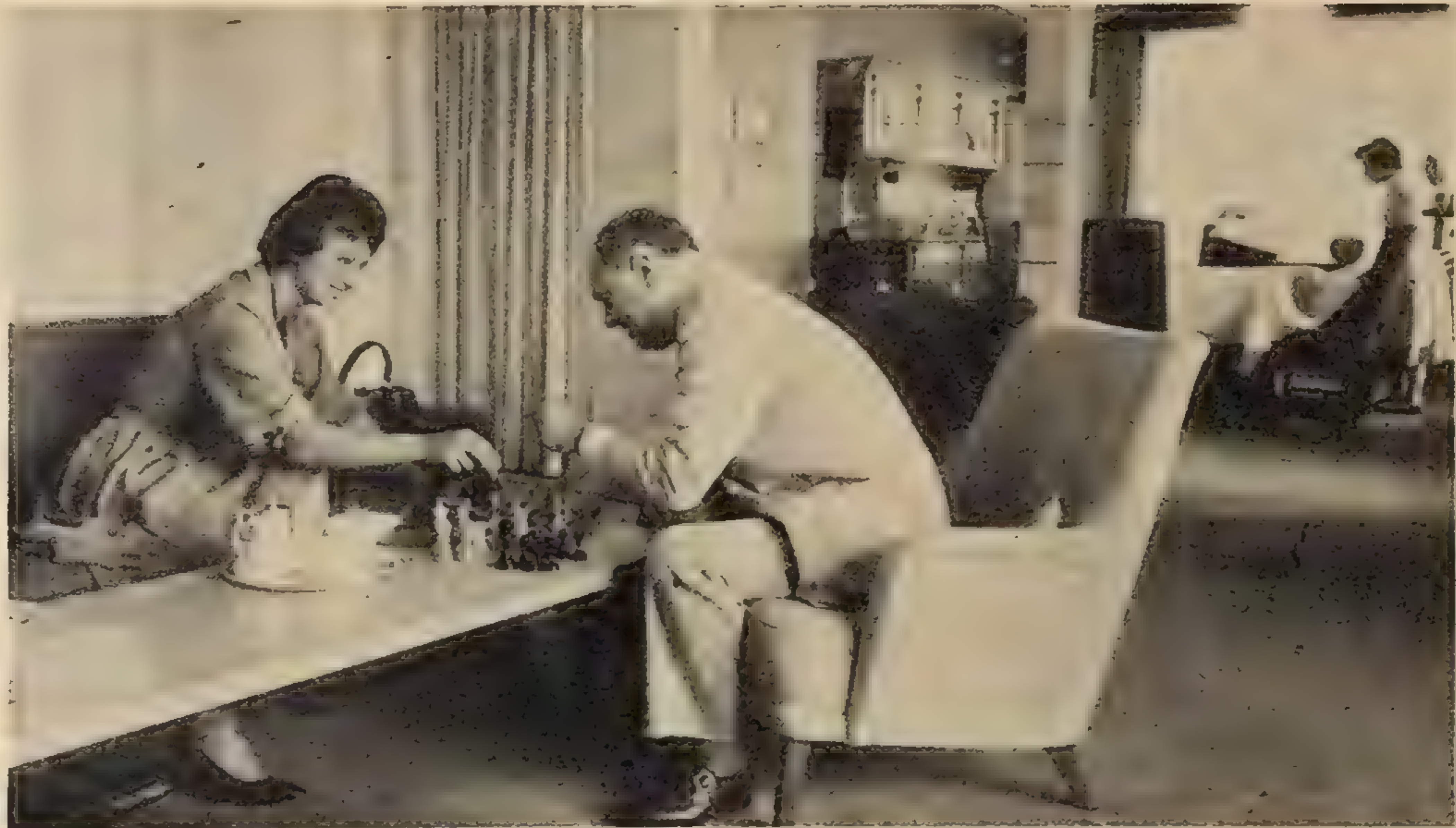
"I hate wearing shorts," said Sophia. "They're so unfeminine... only for games." "Do you play well?" we asked. "Mostly I just exercise," said Sophia, being far too modest. "But see how I've lost my protruding hips. Carlo, however, plays brilliantly. He was once close to being a champion."



Continued →



*"Carlo beats me at all games... un-mercifully." "Not true," said Carlo. "I win but I am very gentle."*



*"Are you ever sad," said we... "that you married Carlo, and lost your home?" Sophia smiled and her smile looked a bit sad to us. "Our lives are too beautiful," she said. "We work together and love each other deeply... so deeply. There is no time to be sad... but oh, how we wish we could go home...."*



END





Jean Seberg had definite ideas about the kind of wedding she wanted: "I didn't want a mob there, reporters crowding around, flashbulbs going off in my face—François and I planned to elope. But then I thought how I'd hate to leave my folks out...and my best friends...and some of my favorite relatives... So we sat down with my parents to plan a nice simple ceremony and make out a small guest list. At least that's how we started."

Diane Jergens' mind was all made up, too. "Ever since I was a little girl, I've dreamed of a lavish church wedding, a beautiful white gown with a long train, a glamorous reception... Mom and Dad helped Peter and me plan all the details, and it was such wonderful fun...at first...."



headin'  
for  
a  
weddin'?



DM.



things can  
go wonderfully  
hay wire!

we eloped ..



... There were so many happy things to think of, so many people to invite, so many newspapers and magazines to be notified ... I loved making all the preparations—except sometimes, when Peter and I were alone, I'd look at his ring and wonder ... who's a wedding for anyhow, for everyone, or for us ... ?

Suddenly, Peter's studio scheduled him for an October personal appearance tour. And our wedding was set for October 11. What good were all our big plans now? So we ran off to Las Vegas to tie the knot quickly, before anything could separate us ... It wasn't so quick, however, because we couldn't prove we were of age, and no one would perform the ceremony! We sat on our suitcases and cursed our fate. How could everything go so wrong? We finally got the documents we needed, and found a Justice of the Peace, and he pronounced us man and wife.

We said our vows in a strange town, in an empty chapel. But we knew that marriage is for two people, and the love between them is what counts. That moment when we whispered our I do's was a private memory Peter and I will cherish forever.



Diane Jergens—Peter Brown



and we had  
the biggest  
wedding  
the town's  
ever seen!



... But our small guest list grew and grew. There were too many people who might be offended if they were left out. And by the day of the wedding, the picture of my white silk Paris-designed dress had been in all the newspapers. Reporters and photographers from Des Moines, Chicago, New York, Hollywood and France were covering my 'quiet' wedding—plus all the amateur photographers in Marshalltown as well.



The wedding dinner wasn't exactly simple, but it was elegant to look at, and—I hear—delicious. I couldn't eat much—all the excitement was catching up with me. ... François and I followed an old French tradition and toasted our life together with champagne from an ancient silver wedding cup. I wasn't sorry, after all, the way my 'intimate' wedding turned out ... it was beautiful, and I'll always treasure the memory.





the best news of the year

# GENE TIERNEY

**A great actress, a beautiful woman entered a sanitarium four years ago... behind her she left:**

## **A HOPELESS BABY**



## **A HOPELESS MARRIAGE**



## **A HOPELESS LOVE**

**BUT SOMEWHERE,  
IN THE DARK  
SHADOWS OF HER  
MIND, WAS HOPE...**

**T**his is a tragic story with a happy ending.  
This is the story of Gene Tierney.

It begins on a warm and murky and terrible night in June of 1943. . . .

Gene was twenty-three years old then, a happy girl—one of the most beautiful and successful girls in Hollywood. She was married to Oleg Cassini, the fashion designer, a man she loved. And she was pregnant with his child, their child, their first child.

Then, on this night, her happiness seemed suddenly in danger of ending. Gene, in her fifth month of pregnancy, felt feverish and was put to bed.

A doctor, summoned to examine her, whispered something to her husband as they were leaving the room.

Gene overheard him.

She began to cry.

She remembered a boy she'd known in Connecticut, during her childhood. His mother had had German measles when she was pregnant with him, she remembered, and the boy, she remembered, had been born sick and for those first few years of his life people had referred to him as 'that poor little thing'—that poor little thing who couldn't talk right or walk right or smile right or do anything but sit toppled over in his crib and stare down at his feet. And then, she remembered, he'd been taken to a hospital one day, an institution, and nobody but his parents had ever seen him again.

And Gene cried now, alone in her room, thinking of this boy, and thinking of the baby inside her, knowing that she, too, had German measles now and knowing how horribly this simple disease sometimes affected the helpless, unborn child as it lay in its ailing mother's womb.

And for the next four months, though (Continued on page 63)



**COMES HOME**





DELL

modern screen  
DELL PUBLISHING CO., INC. 750 THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK 17, N.Y. YUKON 6-6300

## Dear Pat and Shirley,

Several months ago, unknown to the public and even your close friends, you went to the Foster Parents' Plan, a unique adoption agency. You told them how lucky, how blessed you felt each morning when you woke to the sound of your own happy, scampering children . . . Would it be possible, you asked, to send some measure of this joy into the hearts of children in less fortunate homes? Who the children were, their race, religion, or country, didn't matter just so they needed help. . . Well, Pat and Shirley, you know what happened after that; you know the gifts and money you've been sending each month to your two adopted sons, and you know the good feeling that comes to those who give. But are you fully aware of just how much your act of kindness and gratitude has meant to two little boys across the ocean? After all, you have never met these boys; you have never even seen how and where they live—you send your gifts on wings of faith. As this Holiday Season began, we at MODERN SCREEN wanted you to meet your new sons and to really see the good you've done. We went to Europe; we tracked down the first pictures ever taken of them and took pictures—the two little boys; we talked to them personally, along with some special message from the children. We wrote you a long letter all about it too. Then, just as we were about to put the pictures and the letter in the mail to you, we asked ourselves whether it wouldn't be better to send you these pictures and our letter through the pages of MODERN SCREEN, in the hope that some of our readers might be inspired to do what you have done; and in the faith that all of our readers would in some small way be taught again the most important lesson of Christmas—It is more blessed to give than to receive. The living proof of that lesson appears on the following pages.

Sincerely,

*David Meyer*  
EDITOR

continued on next page







this  
is  
FRANZ and  
this is GIUSEPPE



*Nine-year-old Franz Stelzner thought he had to be the man in the family, and he tried very hard. His father was near death in the hospital, his mother helpless with a heart attack... But that was before you came into his life, Pat and Shirley, and took away his burdens and worries.*





*Little Giuseppe Marcelli had to eat grass to keep from starving. His mama's hands were so crippled she couldn't use them. Now your love and your gifts are rebuilding their lives.*

Regensburg, Germany

Dear Pat and Shirley:

I have just come from visiting your adopted son Franz Stelzner and his parents, his real parents, here at their house in Regensburg. And I'd like to tell you about him, this boy you've never met, this boy who is your son, not only in a spiritual sense, but in a very real sense, more perhaps than you even realize. . . .

The night you decided to adopt a child was the night your own child was born. Laura Gene was your fourth daughter. You were sitting by your wife Shirley's bedside, a few hours after the birth and held her hand and talked and then, just (Continued on page 73)









# BAD GIRL

**I**t was only nine-thirty in the morning but to the newsmen's surprise, Brigitte Bardot was up. She came to the door of her villa at St. Tropez in her usual outfit—a bikini so brief as to be practically useless. But her lips didn't wear their usual pout. They smiled.

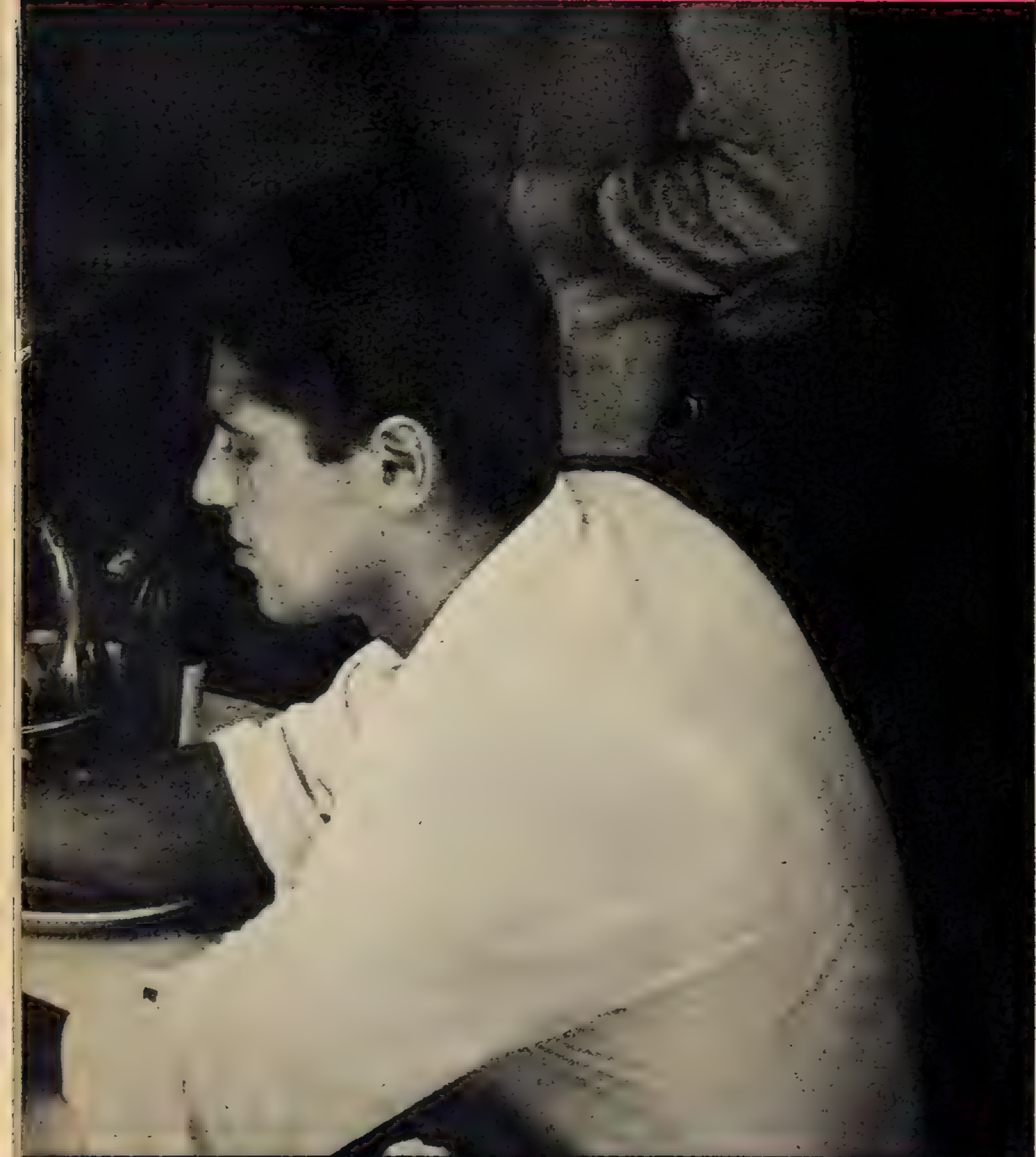
Her voice smiled, too. She listened to the questions the newsmen put at that extraordinary early-morning interview, and then she said, "No, it is not true that Sacha and I broke up in Venice. In fact—" her head lifted under the famous shaggy bangs—"in fact, he is going to marry me."

*He is going to marry me.*  
It (Continued on next page)



# FINDS ▶





LOVE!



*Brigitte and Sacha Distel go strolling happily through Saint*





**continued**

was probably the strangest engagement announcement of all time. Not: *We are going to get married.* Not: *I have said yes to Sacha.* Instead, the words of a girl who has achieved a great victory, a girl to whom an unexpected and undeserved gift has been given. *He is going to marry me. . . .*

They were, in fact, the words of a woman who had for a long time believed that while men might desire her, play with her, might even love her—no man would ever marry her again.

It was a hard belief, a terrible belief to have. Her belief was confirmed by the five men who had left her since her marriage ended; it began, years ago, by the man who made her what she is, the man who was the first to leave her—her husband, Roger Vadim.

When Brigitte met this man, (*Continued on page 66*)



*Tropez . . . Soon they will be walking down the aisle.*







# A MIRACLE SAVED OUR BABY

"It was a miracle," Janet told me.

"Tony and I are very grateful. We could have lost each other—we could have lost our expected baby. We could have had friends hurt. Twice in ten days I was terribly shaken up in automobile accidents. The doctor told me, 'You're very lucky, Janet. So much could have happened.' Thank heavens, it didn't. Someone must have been watching over me."

For many months, Janet and Tony had been eagerly making plans for their second baby, expected in November. Janet had never felt so well and happy, and she and Tony had spent many hours in the yellow nursery, adjoining Kelly Lee's pretty pink bedroom, which they had prepared for the expected baby in their beautiful new home. They had even selected a name—Corey if a girl, Cory if a boy; not for sentimental reasons but because they had loved the name from the time Tony made *Mr. Cory* several years ago.

Then suddenly, within a period of only ten days, two freak automobile (Continued on page 70)

by Helen Weller







by  
JIMMIE  
RODGERS

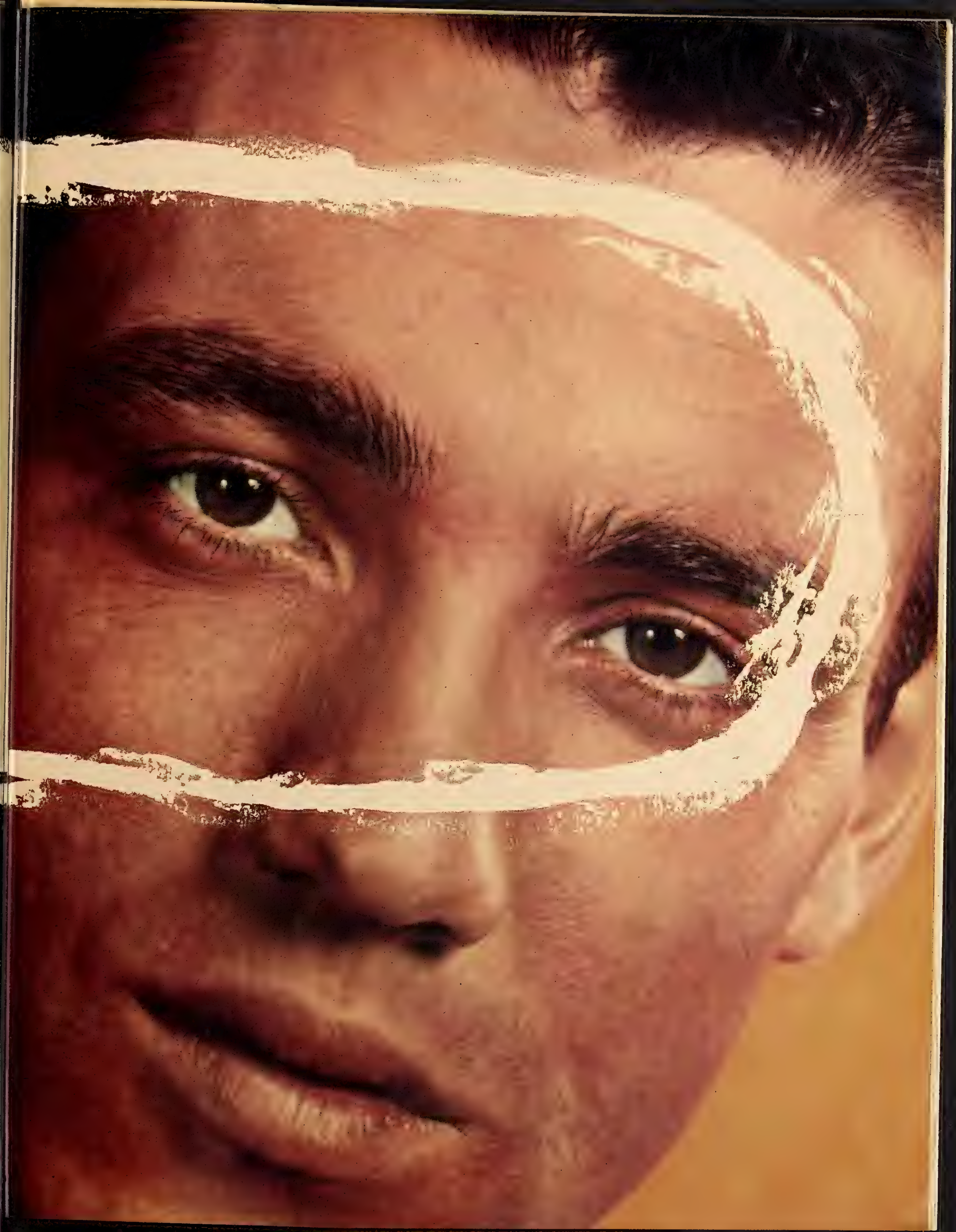
# THE NIGHT I ALMOST COMMITTED MURDER

**W**hen I was three, or maybe four, my parents gave me a mechanical toy for Christmas. I remember it well—a small car that could be wound up, and as it sped along the floor, the driver popped up and down from his seat. I wound it up and watched it run and after it unwound itself I would wind it again, all morning long.

About noon, something happened to the spring and the toy car wouldn't move anymore. In a fit of temper, I grabbed it and flung it into a corner across the room. Little pieces scattered all around where it hit.

I can still hear my mother's words. "I won't punish you because it's Christmas, and it's your toy you broke, Jimmie...but if you can't control your temper, some day it's going to get you in a lot of trouble...." (Continued on page 69)







*Alone, rejected, deserted, Diane Varsi lived in a nightmare world, always one question on her mind . . .*

*by Ed DeBlasio*

**A** new girl comes to your town. She's different. She looks a little different and dresses different and she's quiet and she acts too shy and almost sullen—like a single lost sheep in a lonely yellow meadow—and she says thank you when you ask her to come visit you, to join the gang; but somehow she doesn't join. So you forget about her, fast. *Why bother?* you ask yourself.

Diane Varsi came to Hollywood a few years ago, a new girl in town. She was different. She looked and acted different and she was quiet and shy and she said no to lots of offers of friendship, and she made it clear

that she preferred to be mostly alone.

But Hollywood can't ignore or forget Diane Varsi, no matter what her attitude.

Because Diane is too vibrant a talent for that.

So Hollywood can only wonder about her, this young lost sheep of theirs, shake its head and wonder. . . .

The following is the story of the girl they wonder about. It is the story of six key days in her life. It is the purpose of the story to help explain this complex girl by means of those six days.

It begins in a town near San Fran-

*who can I run to?*

cisco with that day back in 1951 when Diane was thirteen years old. . . .

Lunch was over and Diane was just about to enter the convent classroom when one of her friends, a fat little girl, called out to her.

"What is it?" Diane asked.

"Here," the fat girl said, pushing a sheet of paper into her hand. "Fill this out (*Continued on next page*)









# Who can we run to, my son and I?



(continued) during class and then give it back to me later." She giggled. "It's a Purity Test. Most of the other girls have filled out theirs already. It's fun, Diane. And it's very self-revealing . . . Just make sure the Sister doesn't catch you, that's all."

She giggled again and then she rushed into the classroom, Diane a few steps behind her.

Diane waited about two minutes after class (Continued on page 76)







# *Evening in Paris...* the haunting, fabulous fragrance of France

She'll love you for it . . . the gift that weaves its way into her dreams,  
 becomes the web from which her memories spring, becomes a very *part of her!*

**CHRISTMAS GIFTS FROM \$1 TO \$25**  
 BOURJOIS • CREATED IN FRANCE • MADE IN U.S.A.



**Fabulous Trio:** cologne, talcum powder, purse perfume. 2.50



**Double Door to Glamour:** ensemble of 5 Evening in Paris beauties. 5.00



**Jewel Case:** 6 Evening in Paris treasures set in gleaming satin. 7.50



**Music Box:** plays a Parisian love song long after she has enjoyed 6 glamour accessories. 10.00



## what my faith means to me

(Continued from page 35) her stand next to me, to know that each of us respected the other's faith. It was a good thing. It was a right thing. I can't listen to people who say it should be any different."

The Lewis children chose their own faith. Thirteen-year-old Gary, Jerry's first born, so like his dad in all ways, claims his father's religion and calls himself a Jew. Gary goes to bed with the Star of David while his younger brother Ronnie goes to bed with his rosary, and they are blood brothers. At nine, Ronnie has chosen to be a Catholic and more often goes to Mass with his mother than to the Temple with his dad and Gary.

### ALAN LADD FAITH AND THREE RELIGIONS

"Whether or not you believe in God—that is the important thing. I don't care what faith a person has as long as he believes sincerely."

These are not idle words from Alan Ladd. He and his family live happily with these precepts.

Of Alan and Sue's four children, one goes to the Catholic church, two go to the Episcopalian and one to Christian Science services. Sue is an Episcopalian. Alan was formerly a Christian Scientist. He seldom attends services now, believing that whether or not a man goes to church is no test of his religious convictions.

On Christmas Day, this diversified religious family holds a private religious service in their home. Without any denominational leanings, they each offer a prayer to God as they wish. Each of the children learn one of their own to say—a special prayer to God, each in his own way.

### JAYNE MANSFIELD FAITH AND A HOLLYWOOD CHILD

The little girl was being tucked into bed when she asked her mother suddenly, "Who is God?" The little girl happened to be named Jayne Marie. Her mother happens to be Jayne Mansfield.

"Well—" the actress said, answering the question millions of mothers have been called on to answer at one time or another. "He is the most important thing in our lives. He is goodness. He is very kind. He is very full of love for us. And if we pray to Him, and if He thinks our prayers are worthwhile, He will answer those prayers. Like with me. I prayed very hard for a long time that I would be an actress here in Hollywood someday. God granted me that. When you get older, Jayne Marie, you will want to be something—an actress, maybe, or a nurse or a writer or a painter. And you will pray to God the way I did. And if He feels it's right for you, that thing you pray for, He will grant it . . . Oh, He is very good, God is. And He is very wise, too. He is always with us. He knows what we are thinking. He gets very hurt when we are thinking bad things, wrong things, and He becomes very happy when we think of fine things. Yes, He is always with us, always up there in Heaven looking down and watching us."

"Is He watching us right now?" Jayne Marie asked.

Her mother nodded. Then she smiled as she watched her little daughter stare out of the window alongside her bed and up at the sky and whisper, "Hello, God. I'm so glad You are taking care of me, too, just like my mommy does."

Says Jayne of this incident, "I knew

then that my little baby girl was growing up, now that she had asked the one most important question of her life . . . I was very proud of her."

### DOLORES HART THE CHOOSING OF A DIFFERENT FAITH

A handful of Hollywood citizens are converts. Most of them are quiet on the subject. "We needed something more than we had," they say, "and we tried to find it in a different church. That's all."

One convert, however, who doesn't mind talking about her decision to change churches, is Dolores Hart, the pretty Paramount starlet.

"I was born a Protestant," Dolores says, "but, because a Catholic grammar school was close to our house, I went there. I was very young but I remember feeling immediately that there must be something very beautiful about being a Catholic. I remember the way all the other children smiled all the time and how happy they always seemed. I was not happy at the time. My parents were divorced and I was very angry at my father, who had left my mother. Things were not right and I was, in fact, a very sad little girl."

"I waited a couple of years before I asked one of the nuns at the school about the biggest thing on my mind those couple of years—whether I could please convert to the Catholic Church. The nun referred me to a priest, who had a long talk with me. After that talk and a few others, the priest said that he was very impressed with my convictions and that yes, I could convert. I know there hasn't ever been a happier day in my whole life. I got down on my knees, I remember, and I said aloud all the Catholic prayers I had memorized—said them aloud for the first time. I prayed that this new church I loved so much would fill the terrible void in my life."

"I'm glad to say that it has."

### HUGH O'BRIAN FAITH IN ACTION

Hugh O'Brian had just returned from his father's funeral. He sat alone and read from the Bible, the Book his father had recited from when Hugh was a boy. He read some of the old familiar passages, and then he stopped and looked up. Words his father had spoken to him once came back to his mind. "To have the Bible in one's heart," the old man had said, "is more important than having the Bible in one's hand."

That had been a long time ago, and much had happened since—and Hugh had forgotten that conversation. But sitting there now, years later, this lonely afternoon, the funeral only a few hours behind him, he remembered that conversation again and he made up his mind that he would always remember it. . . .

The next morning, he phoned a children's hospital just outside of Hollywood. He asked if, on Saturday, he could be permitted to come over and visit with the kids.

"Will you wear your Wyatt Earp outfit, Mr. O'Brian?" he was asked. "They'll really get a kick out of that."

"I don't usually like to," Hugh started to say. "But sure, sure I will."

Early that Saturday morning, Hugh showed up at the hospital. For more than four hours he played with the sick children, talked with them, saw the happy glow come to their faces and almost blot out the paleness in those faces.

When it was time to go, he wrote out a check and donated it to the hospital's toy fund—in his father's memory. Then he asked the doctor in charge if it would be

all right with everybody for him to drop around the following Saturday—and he has been going back to the hospital practically every Saturday since.

### ANN BLYTH FAITH AND THE HAPPY MARRIAGE

Ann Blyth and her husband, Dr. Jim McNulty, are one of Hollywood's truly happy couples. Ann is sure she knows why. "We love each other very much," she says, "and, just as important, we share our love of God."

Recently, Ann and Jim were tired. He had been working hard at the hospital. She had been working hard, too, at her studio and at home. They decided to go away for a weekend and relax. But where? A quick, crazy air trip to Hawaii? The little boat to Catalina? Palm Springs and that lovely cottage they'd rented there once? Las Vegas?

They thought of all these places. And then Jim remembered a place a patient of his, a priest, had talked about. It was a monastery, not far from Hollywood, where the brothers in charge conducted week-end retreats for young married couples.

"Would you like that, maybe?" Jim asked.

Ann nodded. "Yes," she said.

The week-end turned out to be the most beautiful they had ever spent. They attended Communion and Mass together. They walked the Stations of the Cross together. They listened to the brothers' lectures on their faith together. At night, they gathered in the big assembly hall with the other young couples and sang the simple, sacred songs of their church. And then after that, holding hands, they walked alone through the monastery gardens, meditating silently.

"When it was over," Ann says, "Jim and I knew we had found the real relaxation—and peace—we had been searching for. More than that, though, we knew we had experienced something that had strengthened our love for one another. That something, of course, was God, and our being with Him, and only with Him, together, those two short days."

### TERRY MOORE FAITH AND CHARITY

Terry Moore is a Mormon. Terry is also a very ambitious and lively girl who knew what she wanted in Hollywood and set out to get it by all matter of publicity—some of it good, some of it not so good. But beneath that flashy professional veneer, Terry is a strict believer in God and in her sect. Like the other members of the sect she gives ten percent of all her earnings to her church. And, on the first Sunday of every month, she fasts and donates the money ordinarily spent for food on that day to the poor.

"This is a custom with us," she says, "and some people think it very unusual and hear the news of what we do as if it were something spectacular. But, truthfully, isn't what we do the most natural way of showing love for God, for your church, for your fellow man?"

"Charity is a key-word in the Bible, you know. In Corinthians, it reads:

*'Though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.'*

"And then, again in Corinthians, it reads:

*'And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.'*

"The meaning of these words is one of the cornerstones of religion. Without it—as the Bible says—there is nothing." END



## gene tierney comes home

(Continued from page 44) she never once mentioned her great fear to anyone, she prayed continually that her baby would be born healthy and well. . . . She was only half-conscious, but still praying, that October morning the child was born. She lay in her bed. "Please," she whispered, "please . . . please . . . please."

Her husband was standing over her. "Gene," he said, "it's all over. Our daughter is here. Daria is here."

Gene looked up at him. "I want to see her," she said.

"You will, in time," her husband told her.

Gene dug her fists into the bed. "I've got to see her now," she said.

"The doctor—" her husband started to say.

But Gene began to scream now. "Please, Oli, please . . . I've got to see my baby!"

When they brought the infant in a few minutes later, Gene tried to sit up.

"Now now," a nurse said, smiling, easing her back, "I'll hold the child and you just look."

Gene, too weak to do otherwise, lay back. And she looked.

Slowly, she too began to smile.

The child was asleep. But she looked strong and sturdy and pretty.

"Has she cried yet?" Gene asked the nurse.

"Sure has," the nurse said.

"Normally?" Gene asked.

The nurse shrugged. "Normal as every other baby," she said.

Gene turned to look at her husband, still standing at her side.

"Normal," Gene whispered.

Her husband nodded.

"Normal," Gene whispered again, closing her eyes. . . .

### But it wasn't so . . .

It was two years from then, when doctors realized that the child was not normal and that she be hospitalized.

Gene was heartbroken. She succeeded in keeping the full extent of her heartbreak from the world—even from her friends. But the strain within her was there and it worked on her, hard, for the days and weeks and years that followed. It worked especially hard against her marriage.

### Just too hard

Gene had loved Oleg Cassini very much when she married him. She'd eloped with him after knowing him only a short while and for the first few years she would tell anybody who would listen how crazy about him she was.

But after her daughter became sick, things started to go bad between the two of them.

"Gene seemed to become very nervous in his presence," as one friend put it. "At first, after what happened to her daughter, she seemed more in love with him than ever, as if she were counting on him to fill that terrible loneliness she must have felt. But then, maybe because he reminded her so much of what had happened, things changed. And from then on it was obviously only a matter of time before they got a divorce."

The divorce—preceded by a dozen split-ups and reconciliations, and by the birth, in 1949, of the Cassinis' second daughter, Christina—took five years in coming.

But when it came it came bitterly, with Gene weeping in court that her husband had treated her cruelly, had neglected her, had lived off her.

The divorce was granted. And that, to most observers, seemed to be that—just another Hollywood marriage gone down

# The Opposite Sex and Your Perspiration



**Q. Do you know there are two kinds of perspiration?**

**A.** It's true! One is "physical", caused by work or exertion; the other is "nervous", stimulated by emotional excitement. It's the kind that comes in tender moments with the "opposite sex".



**Q. Which perspiration is the worst offender?**

**A.** Doctors say the "emotional" kind is the big offender in underarm stains and odor. This perspiration comes from bigger, more powerful glands—and it causes the most offensive odor.



**Q. How can you overcome "emotional" perspiration?**

**A.** Science says a deodorant needs a special ingredient *specifically* formulated to overcome this perspiration. Now it's here . . . Perstop\*, the most remarkable anti-perspirant ever developed. So effective, yet so gentle.



**Q. Why is ARRID CREAM America's most effective deodorant?**

**A.** Because of exclusive Perstop\*, ARRID CREAM Deodorant penetrates deep in the pores and safely stops this "emotional" perspiration odor where it starts. Stops it as no "roll-on", spray-on or stick deodorant could ever do.

## Why be only Half Safe ? use **Arrid** to be sure !

It's 1½ times as effective as all other leading deodorants tested! Used daily, ARRID with Perstop\* actually stops perspiration stains, stops odor completely for 24 hours. Get ARRID CREAM Deodorant today.



**43¢**  
plus tax.

\*Carter Products Trademark for sulfonated hydrocarbon surfactants



the drain, and nothing more than that.

For a while Gene, in her early thirties now, went into a kind of social retirement. She saw few people. She spent most of her time with her mother and her baby, Tina, and working, for her career was going from good to better now and Gene strove hard to keep it going that way. Occasionally, she dated. But only occasionally. Mostly, though, she seemed to prefer being alone. "I'm moody and irritable," she told her friends frankly when they tried to snap her out of her blues. "I don't want to pretend otherwise right now. Can you all understand that?"

Her friends understood. And there was no great concern on anybody's part about Gene at the time. After all, everybody who knew her thought *hard work and the divorce and her first child still in the hospital—that was enough to take the wind out of anybody's sails*. And Gene's sails were basically made of strong stuff, weren't they? And Gene was just going through one of those extra-tough periods now, wasn't she? And what she really needed was something new, a distraction, something that would help set her back on that old familiar path again—wasn't that it, wasn't it really all that simple?

The 'distraction' Gene's friends had hoped for turned up not too long after this—in the person of Aly Khan.

Gene, in France for a picture, met the playboy Moslem prince and fell wildly in love with him.

Actually, she had met him a year earlier, when she was in Argentina on location work. There had been a big party for her at a swank Buenos Aires hotel one night and suddenly in had walked Aly Khan, in South America for a few days to buy some horses. He'd spotted Gene immediately, worked up an introduction and then asked her to have dinner with him. Gene had said no. As she explained it later, "I was married at the time, to Oleg. He was married at the time to Rita Hayworth. And, besides, he struck me as a very dangerous type and I figured I had better stay away."

But a year had passed now and Gene was divorced and Aly was in the process of getting his divorce and when they met this time, this second time, Gene found herself saying yes to a dinner date for the following evening.

"I find him fascinating," she told a friend the morning after their date. "I hope I see him again."

"He's marvelous," she told that same friend a few days later. "He's everything I hoped for in a man . . . Am I going to see him tonight? I'm going to see him tonight and every night!"

Gene, then, had obviously fallen suddenly and madly in love with her new-found prince. And, looking back, her reasons for falling for him are obvious—though few people, if anyone, realized those reasons at the time.

#### Mad romantic whirl

He had charmed her. He had captivated her. And in him, she thought, there would be love and excitement, all spelled out in capital letters, and a chance to throw herself into a mad, romantic whirl and by doing that to try to forget the tragedy that had been her life for the past eight years.

Within a month after meeting Aly, Gene completed her picture, turned down another picture and followed her man all over Europe. Together, they lived life to the hilt. They went to the races in England, the opera in Italy, skiing in Switzerland, to nightclubs and parties all over Paris and the Riviera.

It was, in fact, while they were spending a weekend at the sumptuous Riviera villa of Aly's father, the Aga Khan, that

reports began circulating about a forthcoming wedding between the prince and the beautiful actress.

The reports were neither confirmed nor denied.

"Can't we tell everybody?" Gene was overheard asking Aly at a party one night. "You asked me. I said yes."

"Not yet, my dear," was the smiling answer she got. "Why not let's keep them all guessing for a while?"

But Gene, for one, was sure that they would be confirmed one day soon. "We love each other, desperately," she told a friend at the time. "It's just that we don't want to rush into anything right now. In a few months, yes—but not right now."

It's probable that Gene knew as she said this that Aly's father was not in favor of the marriage. The Aga felt, it was rumored, that his son had had one marital fling with a Hollywood actress and that that was enough. Yes, the rumor went on, the Aga felt that Aly could have some fun with another actress, as much fun as he wanted—but to marry her, no, that would be out of the question, that would be the end of Aly's inheritance.

If Gene did know that these were the Aga's feelings at that time, she didn't seem to let them bother her. Love, she believed simply and honestly, had a way of conquering everything. And her love for Aly, her passion for him, her wanting him and needing him and her willingness to sacrifice everything for him, her career, her country, everything—this the Aga would realize, eventually, she was sure, and this would change the Aga's mind. . . .

It was a year and a half later when Gene returned to Hollywood. She came alone. She had come back, she told re-

Oscar Levant says: "I don't like drinking. It's for ordinary people."

Paul Sann  
in the New York Post

porters who met her, to fill a picture commitment. She had come alone, she said, because Aly was busy in Europe.

Aly showed up one night a few weeks later. And the next morning he and Gene drove to Mexico on a weekend-for-two.

Nearly fifty reporters and cameramen followed them.

At first, Aly refused to speak to any of the newspaper people. But, finally, Gene convinced him it would be wise if they at least posed for a few pictures.

Aly consented, very reluctantly.

For he stood around with a seemingly-radiant Gene as the photographers clicked away. Then he put up his hand and indicated that that was enough.

"Say, Prince," one of the photographers called out. "I've got one little question to ask. Are you two ever getting married?"

Aly's face flushed. He was about to take Gene's arm and make a quick getaway when Gene turned to the photographer and said, "We're getting married in six months. In Europe, probably."

She looked over at Aly.

But he didn't look at her.

Instead, he began to walk away.

Gene excused herself and followed him.

A few days later, she and Aly were back in Hollywood again. Aly stayed for two more days and then he left. Gene explained his departure by saying that he had some important work to do for his father and that they would meet again in New York in a month, as soon as she had completed her picture.

The picture completed, Gene rushed off to New York. Aly was already there.

They were supposed to go out together that first night, but Aly phoned Gene shortly after she arrived and said he wouldn't be able to make it. "Something urgent has come up," he said, without bothering to explain.

The next night, they did go out—to dinner and the theater. Friends of Gene's reported later that Gene had looked nervous but happy, that Aly had looked very glum.

On the afternoon of the third day, Aly phoned again with apologies about that evening. "Tomorrow," he said, "tomorrow night we will go out. Do not worry."

And it was on the afternoon of that next day when Gene picked up a copy of a New York newspaper and, glancing through a society column, read the following item:

*Aly Khan, who is the soul of discretion and a pearl among gentlemen, is dropping hints among the El Morocco set that he is through with Gene Tierney and that he only dates her because, well, you know the way things are.*

Gene lay down the paper and began to sob violently into the pillow.

And her sickness, long in coming, came. . . .

#### Into the hospital—and out

Gene suffered her first nervous breakdown a few days later. It was a bad one. There were reports in some of the papers that she'd tried to kill herself one night by taking an overdose of sleeping pills, that she'd been caught in time and saved. The truth of this report was never established. But, true or not, Gene entered a sanitarium in Hartford, Connecticut, and began to undergo extensive treatment. That was early in 1955.

At the end of that year, she was released and she went to her home in southern Connecticut where she lived with her mother and Tina, her younger daughter. She showed up in New York every once in a while, but not much.

"I think I saw her twice during this period," one friend remembers, "once at lunch, once at the theater. Both times she was quiet and pale. Both times she looked very much on the verge of a second breakdown."

This breakdown came soon after, and again Gene entered a sanitarium.

When she came out this time, the press reported that she looked beautiful as ever and fit as a fiddle and that she was completely well now and on her way to Hollywood to make a comeback movie, *The Wayward Bus*.

It all sounded happy.

It all sounded fine.

Everybody who had known Gene cheered the news.

Especially her old friends in Hollywood.

How good it would be to see her again, they thought. How good it would be to get together and have a nice friendly old-fashioned time of it.

But Gene, they learned, had different ideas about Hollywood and everybody there.

From the moment she arrived, she made it clear that she had come to work and only to work. As she told one of these friends who managed to get her on the phone one morning: "I'm only interested in getting on with my job again. My studio has been good to me, wonderful to me. They've kept me on salary these past few years. But the money, most of it, has gone to paying doctor and hospital bills for me and my daughter. And I need the money and I need the work and that's the only reason I'm here."

Later that same morning, Gene drove out to the studio. She got a warm welcome from her old bosses. And then they gave her the script of the picture she was to



work on. Read through such-and-such a scene for the next few days, she was told, and then come back and get ready for rehearsals.

Gene went immediately back to her hotel, and for the next few days she stayed closeted in her room, just her and her script, and she tried to memorize the scene.

In the old days, five-six years ago, this had been easy, a few hours' work at most.

#### A desperate try

But now, as Gene sat in that big chair near the window of her lonely hotel room, the script in her lap, her fingers clutching at a cigarette, she found it hard to concentrate. She tried. She tried everything. She had breakfast and lunch and dinner in her room and she read through the scene, over and over, through those meals and through the hours between and at night when she was in bed, reading through the one scene again and again, falling asleep finally and then waking a few hours later, the script still in her hands, that heavy lump of paper that gradually made no sense to her anymore and that she could not look at anymore without beginning to feel her hands tremble and then her head and then her entire body.

But still she tried. Only the more she tried the less she seemed able to memorize a line. And, finally, on the third day she knew it was no good.

"I'm sorry," she said to her studio, "but I can't do it. I'm not feeling well. I have headaches. I've been trying. But it's no use. I'm still sick. I've got to go. I can't do the picture. I've got to go. Give the part to someone else. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry."

Gene didn't give anyone a chance to help her change her mind. She left Hollywood a few hours later.

"For a while," a friend has said, "none of us knew what had happened to Gene, where she'd gone. Then a few months later the report leaked out that she'd suffered another breakdown, the worst of them all, and that she was in a sanitarium again, this time in Kansas. It looked like the end for Gene. How much could one girl take, we wondered. How much could one girl suffer? Brokenhearted over her first child, over her ruined marriage, over her affair with Aly Khan . . . We wondered if we would ever see her again. We prayed we would. But we doubted it. For we were praying now, we knew, for a miracle."

That miracle, thankfully, was to be. It came a few days after Gene was released from the Kansas sanitarium.

Just before she left the sanitarium, she received a phone call from Hollywood.

"I don't want to accept it," Gene told the operator.

"The lady says she's an old friend," the operator said. "She's very anxious to speak to you." She gave the woman's name.

Gene hesitated for a moment. She and the woman, an actress, had worked together on a few pictures years ago and the woman had indeed been a friend, a very good one.

"I—I'll accept it," Gene told the operator, finally.

When they were connected, the friend asked Gene right off if she was planning to come out to Hollywood.

No, Gene said, she wasn't. She was going to New York, she said, to be with her mother and her younger daughter, Tina, and to rest for a while.

Would she come out for a few days, at least, the friend asked her.

"No," Gene said, "I'm not planning to do any work for a while, at least, and—"

"Who's talking about work?" the friend asked. "I want you to come to a party."

"A party?" Gene asked.



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Gene said no, no, that was very kind, but that it would be impossible. Why should she want to go to a party? And who would really want to see her, she asked, except a few people who might regard her as a curiosity piece now that she'd been through what she'd been through.

Was *that* what she had thought the last time she was in Hollywood, the friend asked her. Was *that* why she refused to see anybody that time?

That was partly the reason, Gene admitted.

#### Hometown friends

"Look, Gene," the friend said. "Let me be blunt. I know you've been sick. I know you've had it tough, very tough. But, if I may, I'd like to make one point clear. This is your old hometown I'm calling from, Gene. And there are lots of people out here who love you and who'd genuinely like to see you again, and be with you again. And if you don't realize that—that there are still people around, lots of them, who love you and want you—well, I don't care how many doctors you see or how many hospitals you walk in and out of, you're never really going to get better. . . ."

When Gene left the hospital a few days later, she took a plane for California, not New York. Quietly, she checked into the Bel-Air Hotel—for only one night, she told the desk clerk—and quietly she began to prepare for the party.

Gene, obviously nervous, arrived at the party an hour after everyone else had. But she was not alone for long.

The room was filled with just about every and anybody who'd ever known Gene, someone who was there that night has said, "and I think that, at first, all of them were as nervous as Gene was. It

matter of fact, plastered smiles and loud hellos and everybody a little bit uncomfortable that they might be overdoing it . . . But then something beautiful happened. It's nothing I can put my finger on. But after a while everybody started to relax and the smiles became the old familiar ones and the talk got down to lots of old memories and laughs. Gene began to talk now, too, really talk and smile. And the love everybody in that room felt for her became so thick you would have thought you could have packaged it and sold it for a million bucks a box."

The party ended very late that night, and when it was over Gene decided to stay in Hollywood, a few more days.

They turned out to be wonderful, happy days, the most wonderful she'd known in a long, long time. She visited her old studio again—really visited it this time—and she talked to old pals there, producers, actors, gatemens, make-up people, all the people she'd known through the years. She visited her friends, too, and went out to dinner with some of them one night and to a movie with others another night. And on the last night there was another party, a big and beautiful party, again in Gene's honor. And at one point, when she was asked to speak, she had a hard time keeping back the tears and she could only say, "Thank you, thank you, thank you all for caring. . . ."

On the morning Gene finally left, a group of her oldest and best friends drove her out to the airport.

"You have to leave?" one of them asked her, just before she boarded the plane.

"Yes," Gene said.

"But you'll be back?" she was asked.

"I will," Gene said. "Without any hitches this time—I promise."

It was a promise her friends—and all of



## bad girl finds love

(Continued from page 53) she was an ordinary sixteen-year-old girl, living with her parents, going to school. Prettier than most, perhaps, but shyer than most also. Vadim was an unimportant errand-boy-secretary-assistant to a big name in the French movie industry. A young man without funds, without fame.

To Brigitte, he was an exciting older man, sophisticated, worldly, talented, full of brilliant ideas on how to make a movie—or a movie star—important. She was thrilled that such a man would be interested in her, would be willing to marry her, because she did not think of herself as attractive and she knew she had no brilliant ideas about anything.

Roger Vadim saw in Brigitte his ticket to fame and to fortune. He said to her, "One day I will make you the unattainable dream of all men."

### Brigitte as wife

She tried to be a good wife, to please her husband, and when his demands seemed too strange, she would still try to do what he asked, because after all, he was the brilliant one, not she. He felt he couldn't count on his wife's acting ability, but he knew he could exploit her as a Sex Symbol.

He taught her to dye her hair blonde, to wear it uncombed and waist-long, to suck her thumb, to pout, to leave off her lipstick.

He felt he couldn't count on his wife's intelligence, so he taught her to play dumb. To go around asking questions like, "How do mice lay their eggs?"

He chose her movie roles carefully. Roles that would not tax the below-average mentality he felt she had. Roles that would instead make use of the one asset he felt she had. Like the bathtub scenes. . . .

At first, she rebelled. She just couldn't do it, she said. She was too embarrassed. But her husband insisted, and Brigitte dutifully gave in.

And she was beginning to catch on very well to his instructions on how to behave for the screen. And now she must try to live up to the same role for the public.

When her husband, her director, would arrange interviews with the press, he would see to it that she wore nothing at all. When she would meet a new leading man, he would arrange the introduction and see to it that everyone knew his wife wore nothing at all then either.

By 1956, Roger Vadim had established his wife's reputation the way he had planned it, and established his own as well. He was now an important film director and he no longer needed Brigitte.

He had found a woman who really interested him; in fact, she was carrying his child. So, with the filming of *And God Created Woman*, Vadim exerted his last diabolical influence on his creation, Brigitte. He pushed her into the arms of another man—Jean-Louis Trintignant.

He was the boy playing the love scenes with Brigitte in *And God Created Woman*. Vadim directed the love scenes; Vadim urged more and more realism.

Vadim got his divorce on December 5, 1957. On December 6, 1957, a baby girl was born to him and the Danish model, Anita Stroyberg.

Brigitte, burying her pride, bravely announced that she would buy the child a cradle and was "ready to be named god-mother if they want."

Brigitte knew the world was laughing at her. There was only one way to stop the laughter.

She informed everyone who would listen that she was wildly in love with Jean-Lou.

And who was to say it wasn't so?

Who, indeed?

Not Jean-Lou, a young unknown, anxious for every drop of publicity he could wring out of an eager press.

Not Roger Vadim, who was still to write and direct his ex-wife in the movies that meant bread and butter to them both.

Not Brigitte, who needed not the publicity, not the money, but the knowledge that people thought her desired, loved. . . .

She took an apartment, in which to cook for Jean-Lou, entertain their friends, take care of him. She went everywhere with him, kissed him for every camera within shooting range, called him her darling, her sweetheart. She talked of him to everyone she met: "I know we are acting like mad people, but I don't care. Let them talk. Let them say what they want. What is important to me? Only love!"

Oddly enough—it turned out to be true.

Or maybe it wasn't so odd after all. Maybe it was the most natural thing in the world. Brigitte was very much on the rebound—and Jean-Lou was young and handsome and as sweetly gentle as the boy he had played in their movie. He treated Brigitte with a sort of little-boy awe; to him she was always the movie star on the pedestal, the goddess of sex. Roger had treated her like a child—Jean-Lou looked up to her as if she were an older woman. Gradually, what had been lies turned into truths for Brigitte, and the love that had been manufactured for a purpose became a passion she couldn't control. She stopped talking to people about madness and talked of marriage instead.

"As soon as Jean-Lou gets his divorce," she would repeat. "Then we'll get married. . . ."

Standing next to her, Jean-Lou would nod miserably. "Yes. Someday. . . ."

But someday was a long time coming.

A draft notice came first.

It came out of the blue and took Jean-Lou away from Brigitte with a suddenness that left them both gasping. One day he was in Brigitte's apartment making not-very-successful efforts to start divorce proceedings—the next, somehow, he was wearing the uniform of the French Army and he was on his way to Germany, with a tightlipped Brigitte, arms stiff at her sides, trying not to cry in the railway station.

### Brigitte was faithful

When the first shock was over, Brigitte set about getting her life in order. "I will keep the apartment," she announced, "so Jean-Lou will have a place to come home to."

The skeptics laughed. "She will keep the apartment," they amended, "so she

will have a place to come home to—after her dates with other men!"

To their complete amazement, there were no other men.

"I am sorry," Brigitte told friends who asked her out. "I have a letter to write. . . ."

A letter to Germany.

A letter that talked of the future with hope and confidence, of how much she had learned about being a wife, of how wonderful their lives would be, together.

They were the only letters Brigitte wrote—but they weren't the only ones Jean-Lou received. For in a small town in France, he had a wife and child.

And whatever he'd done, however much he had adored Brigitte, Jean-Lou was still a Frenchman, a man to whom the ideas of home and family were bound with the ties of centuries.

His first furlough was set for Christmas. For a month before Brigitte talked of nothing else. She bought presents enough to make even Aly Khan's head swim. She ordered the largest tree in Paris delivered to her apartment. She planned a party.

There was only one thing she forgot. Christmas is a religious holiday. Christmas is a family time.

And on Christmas Day, 1957, Jean-Lou Trintignant went home to his wife and his child.

What Brigitte went through on that cold holiday, nobody ever knew. When she stopped waiting for Jean-Lou and stopped telling herself—and everyone else—that he was coming, surely coming any minute now, she locked the door of her apartment and refused to come out. Three days later when she opened it again, she was a different person.

Her reputation, of course, was long since gone in the wake of the 'madness.' Her pride was in shreds; it had happened for the second time that she had loved a man and believed he loved her—and had been deserted. Her fears were confirmed—no man who knew her well could want her. And her future was assured: no man, even if he wanted her, could marry Brigitte Bardot, bad girl that she was. Not in respectable, middle-class France.

She had reached the end of hope—and the beginning of the real madness.

### More rejections

The first thing she did, of course, was call a press conference. Every reporter in Paris turned up, as they always do when Brigitte has something to say.

"I am through with Jean-Lou," she said. "I loved him, yes, but he was too far away. I need a man near me!"

The gullible even believed it.

The rest she began, diligently, to convince.

She went to Spain to make a movie, *The Night Heaven Fell*. Within weeks, rumors were circulating in Paris: Brigitte had a new man. His name was Gustave Rojo, a Spaniard of aristocratic descent who was now making movies. That was fine with Brigitte. Let the rumors fly—preferably right to Jean-Lou. Let him know she wasn't carrying a torch.

But she hadn't precisely counted on Gustave's telling a Spanish newspaper that he had spent a week end with Brigitte in Torremolinos.

That was going too far; she issued a furious denial. In answer, Gustave amended his statement to the paper a little. "We are just great friends," he said hastily. "It could not be serious because my career is in Mexico and Spain; Brigitte's is in France. But we still continue to see each other."

He was wrong, but not defeated. Brigitte left Spain without seeing him again, but on the plane home she read an item proclaiming that Gustave Rojo had announced . . .

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had any complaints, Brigitte kept them to herself. All right, he had used her shamelessly for publicity.

She knew she had deserved it. She had used him to strike back at Jean-Lou.

The third man was Gilbert Becaude. She met him on a TV program, and instantly there was a spark.

He was different in many ways from the two before him.

In the first place, he was as famous as Brigitte—had been so, long before anyone ever heard of La Bardot, in fact. As a girl, Brigitte had cut his picture out of a thousand newspapers to pin on her wall—for Gilbert Becaude was the Johnnie Ray of France—with guitar-playing thrown in for good measure. For the first time, Brigitte had a man who knew very well the difference between a real person and the person publicity creates for a star. For the first time, she thought, it would be unnecessary to pretend.

It would also be unnecessary to give Gilbert an allowance to spend on her, the way she had had to with Jean-Lou. He had plenty of money of his own and he knew how to handle it, too. There was so much she could learn from Gilbert Becaude. . . .

And the first thing she learned was something she should have remembered from the scrapbooks she had once kept about him: Gilbert Becaude, like Jean-Lou, had a wife and child.

And unlike Jean-Lou, he wasn't even half-heartedly contemplating divorce. He liked Brigitte, yes—but he liked his home more. He liked his reputation as a teenage idol more. He liked peace and quiet more.

When the first headline hit the French newspapers (it read, to be exact: BRIGITTE BARDOT SEEMS TO BE SMITTEN WITH A BIG SINGING STAR WHOSE INITIALS ARE G. B.) he bowed out quickly—and not quietly.

He rejoined his wife. He had himself photographed with her for a dozen newspapers. And he gave out statements about Brigitte: *She follows me everywhere. I've had enough of her*

It sounded cruel, but it was true. Like a tired child, Brigitte had tried to attach herself to Becaude, to lean on him, to turn over to him her life to straighten out. When he left her, she felt not as if her heart were broken—but as if the floor had dropped out from under her feet. In blind panic, she did just what Becaude had accused her of—she chased him. She flew to Geneva, where Becaude was singing. She had no invitation to join him, and she got no welcome. A day later she was back in Paris. Workers on the set of her current movie, *In Case Of Emergency*, watched her wander around as if she were in a trance.

And that night, she took an overdose of sleeping pills.

#### An attempt to rescue

Oddly enough, she still had some friends left. They spirited her out of the hospital to which she had been rushed, and off on a holiday. They told the reporters that the stories about suicide were a lie; Brigitte was happily skiing in the mountains. It was a stupid story to give out; anyone who knew Brigitte knew that she hated nothing more than snow except a pair of skis.

But if the story was stupid, the attempt to rescue her was good. Time after time in those cold mountain days, her friends begged Brigitte to look at what she was doing to her life, to herself. "You're beautiful, successful, the whole world's in love with you," one girl friend said. "Why don't you find yourself a man you can fall in love with and marry—instead of chasing after married men who aren't any good for you?"

For an answer, Brigitte pointed to an article in that morning's newspaper. *The Church had included in a pictorial display, a photo of Brigitte Bardot, as representative of evil abroad in the world today.*

"You see?" Brigitte said softly. "Who would marry me?"

Later, telling about it, the girl friend shook her head. "It's crazy," she said. "If she really had no morals, like they say, she wouldn't hate herself the way she does. And if she didn't hate herself, she wouldn't behave this way, punishing herself with this awful, stupid, heart-breaking business of falling for one wrong guy after another. The trouble with Brigitte is, she's got too much love and no one to give it to. Including herself. . . ."

The next wrong guy was Raf Vallone. He was the one who refused to be seen in public with Brigitte. He too—it was a pattern by now—had a wife and child and a reputation to protect. About Brigitte's own reputation, of course, not a word was said.

Vallone walked out on her—literally—the night she persuaded him to take her out to dinner. A photographer was in the restaurant. He recognized Brigitte, and recognized Vallone, who has made a number of movies in Italy. When his camera appeared, Vallone rushed him. There was a brawl. When it was over, Vallone was gone. Brigitte never saw him again.

The fifth one would be scarcely worth mentioning except for one thing. He was unknown to anyone except Brigitte who found him somewhere in St. Tropez and took him to be introduced to an interviewer. "This," she said pointing straight at the boy, "is my new flirt. He is handsome, no? But oh—so stupid."

And her eyes added, "Maybe—stupid enough to stay with me. . . ."

Maybe he was. Only Brigitte never got a chance to find out—because something happened while she was still dating the blond young man from nowhere.

#### A nice young man

What happened was a miracle.

What happened was the simplest thing in the world.

What happened was what happens many times over to most girls in the course of a year . . . and what Brigitte Bardot thought would never happen to her as long as she lived.

She met a nice young man, and he liked her.

It was no more—and no less—than that.

It happened on a movie set. There was a Bardot picture being filmed, and in it she was to play the guitar. She had always been musical, and she taught herself a few chords to strum for the scene. But when the scene was over, she didn't put the guitar down. She carried it to a chair at the side of the set, and her fingers went on picking at the strings, making tiny bits of music while she closed her eyes and listened.

When she opened her eyes, a young man was standing in front of her.

"You will make your fingers bleed," he said.

Brigitte glanced down, shrugged. "I don't care."

He nodded and pulled up a chair. "You like music?"

She shut her eyes again. "I do. It makes everything seem all right—for a minute, anyway. Until I remember that I can't play."

"I'll teach you," he said slowly. "I play the guitar myself. . . ."

For the first time she looked at him, and then of course she knew who he was. Sacha Distel, the nightclub singer—she had been to hear him herself in Paris. And he had played like a dream, he had

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■ There will be no separation because of careers to upset the tranquil home life of Virginia Mayo and Michael O'Shea.

The two players have agreed that neither will go away on any show business assignment for any length of time when the other goes along.

"Separation because of work," said Miss Mayo, who recently celebrated her eleventh year of wedded life with O'Shea, "is at the root of many Hollywood domestic troubles.

"Separate careers can be made to harmonize with married life, but physical separation, with wife and husband working far from each other, often leads to difficulties."

The blonde Virginia started discussing separation due to careers, a familiar arrangement in Hollywood, because O'Shea had turned down a role in a Broadway show to stay with her when she was filling a long engagement as Alan Ladd's co-star in Warner Brothers' *The Big Land*.

"Mike's background is the stage," explains Virginia. "I started on the stage as a dancer, but I was under contract to a film studio when I got married, and realized that most of my roles would be in pictures.

"So Mike and I agreed then that we would never separate because of work—at least no longer than two or three weeks.

And we've stuck to that agreement. Our longest separation was the two weeks I spent at Modesto in Northern California doing scenes for *The Big Land*. Mike was doing a TV show then or he would have come to Modesto with me."

*Virginia will appear in WESTBOUND for Warners.*



pulled such music out of the guitar. . . .

For the first time, since Roger left her, she looked at a young, handsome man and saw not a boy to make her believe she wasn't lonely, not an escort to show the world that she was adored—but a person with something to offer her, a gift he was willing to share.

"Oh," she said. "I'd like that. . . ."

The lessons began the next week. Sacha took her out to look for a guitar. As they hunted through the little St. Tropez shops, he paid no attention to the stares they got. As far as Brigitte could tell he never even noticed that they were watched. His eyes were all for the guitars, his fingers touched them lovingly, expertly. "This one is too masculine for you . . . this one had a shallow sound . . . this little one here might do. . . ."

They bought one finally, carried it home. In Brigitte's living room she sat cross-legged on the floor while Sacha showed her how to hold it, how to form chords with unaccustomed fingers. She learned quickly. Nights, she would sit for hours, until her fingers were too sore to go on. It was something she could do honestly at last—make music on a guitar. Not something Roger Vadim had plastered onto her, like her sexy walk, her pouting stares. That was fake. This—this was as real as she wanted it to be.

### The way Sacha liked her

A week later, she was playing little songs with Sacha, she doing the basic chords while he played the more difficult parts. One evening he began to hum along with the music, a minute later to sing. After a few bars, Brigitte joined him. Her voice was husky and sweet—and for the first time in so long, relaxed. An hour passed—they ran through all the songs they knew—then Sacha began a rhythmic, sensuous ballad. Brigitte put her guitar

behind her head, she began to dance.

It was the sort of dance on which her reputation was based—the climax of her every movie—the dance which was supposed to bring her male audience back to the theatre for a third and fourth time. It was the sexiest thing in her repertoire.

When she finally sat down, Sacha glanced at her. "Very nice," he said. "But I like you better when you sing. . . ."

For once, love grew slowly. It wasn't forced, it wasn't faked. It began with liking and turned to affection; it was not demanding but warm, satisfying, right. It grew out of little things, like singing—and out of big things also.

It grew out of the day Brigitte asked Sacha to come with her to St. Tropez. "I always go there now after a movie," she told him. "It's quiet, the people are nice, I have a house. You could stay with me."

Sacha's eyebrows went up quizzically. "Alone?"

Brigitte actually blushed. "No," she said, "not alone. I have there my maid and my secretary, who is my companion. But when you read stories about my having a guest, they never mention the chaperones."

Sacha nodded gravely. "In that case, let us make sure they do mention them this time. I will invite a few people if it is all right with you."

"Of course," Brigitte said. "Who?"

"Oh, a nice older couple I know. My mother and my father. . . ." He took Brigitte's arm. "It is time they met you anyhow. . . ."

And neither of them so much as remembered that Brigitte Bardot was not supposed to be the sort of girl a man took home to meet his mother.

Out of such things, a very great love can grow.

It grew in the long summer days at St. Tropez. It grew while Brigitte and Sacha, in shorts, barefoot, wandered

through the tiny town, shopping for fruit and meat, invariably ending up with arm loads of bottled olives because Brigitte would rather eat them than anything else in the world. It grew while she prepared huge French farm-style meals for the Distels, not because she wanted to show off, not even because she wanted to prove herself to them—but simply because she loved to cook, and suddenly she felt right doing the things she loved.

When summer ended, they took the Distels to Venice for the film festival. *Life* magazine reported that Brigitte and Sacha were together constantly, that when she said his name, it came out a song.

And in Venice, they had their first fight.

What it was about, no one knows. How it ended, everyone knows. Sacha slammed a door. Brigitte heard his footsteps striding furiously away from her. Then there was silence—and there were tears.

She wept as she had never wept in her life. Not the tortured tears she had shed when Jean-Lou went back to his wife, not the tears of fury when other men left her behind—not even the tears of anguish when she had first come to believe that no man would ever really love her again. These were the tears of a woman from whom all hope is gone—who had taken the biggest chance, had opened her heart again—and had been utterly destroyed. Sacha was gone, and with him, her whole life.

The next day she was back in St. Tropez, looking like a ghost. The papers headlined: B.B. A FIVE-TIME LOSER.

So it was quite a shock when the phone rang that night and Sacha's voice said, "Hi. You forgot two suitcases and a coat."

For a long moment she couldn't find her voice. Then she said, "What do you want?"

"Well, first I want to tell you we'll be back in forty-eight hours. Then I wanted to ask you to pick up some music for me—you know, the stuff I ordered, so we can get to work on it. And the song I'm writing for you—I wanted to tell you, I've got two more bars done but they're—"

"Sacha," she said, "what are you talking about? We had a fight. You walked out. It's over. I know it. I'm sorry. Now goodbye."

His voice stopped her hand half way down, as she was replacing the receiver. "Brigitte!" he said. "Listen to me. I wouldn't have believed it, but it's true. You, the—the sex-kitten, the love goddess—you don't know a damn thing about love. Brigitte darling, all lovers fight. Lots of them walk out. But if they—if they're serious about each other, if they're not just playing games—they come back. They make up. Honey, you don't think I'd leave you over a fight, do you? If anyone's walking out on us, it's you."

He waited for an answer. He got none. Brigitte was crying again.

Out of such tears, too, love grows. Out of love, wisdom grows. By the time there was a diamond on her finger—tangible proof of her engagement, of her love—Brigitte was no longer saying, "He is going to marry me." Instead:

"We will be married in the spring. I don't know where we will go for a honeymoon. It doesn't matter. Being married will be enough. . . ."

She said it like a woman who knows at last what does matter, and what does not. She said it like a woman who no longer depends on the world's opinion—because only two people's belief in her will suffice: her lover's—and her own.

She said it as if at last Brigitte Bardot had come home.

END

Brigitte will appear in *PARIS BY NIGHT* for Columbia, and *THE WOMAN AND THE*



## the night I almost committed murder

(Continued from page 56) How prophetic were her words! How close did I come to ruining my life during another Christmas season, about fifteen years later.

At that point in my life I had not yet learned to control my temper and more likely than not I would let my fists fly first and ask questions later. But I was now in the U.S. Air Force, and I had little chance to grow hot tempered. No officer or non-com would have stood for any bull-headed nonsense from me. Besides, nothing happened during basic training and my subsequent duty in Korea that made me flare up—that is, till I was assigned to the Stewart Air Force Base, near Nashville, Tennessee. . . .

On a pleasant afternoon a few days before Christmas, I had finished duty and took off for Nashville with two other airmen. We hitched a ride to town, had some hamburgers at a downtown restaurant, saw a double feature and finished with a couple of beers at a local service club.

Shortly before midnight we tried to get a ride back since we didn't want to wait for the base bus. A big sedan stopped but the driver insisted he could take only two of us—he was a traveling salesman and had the whole back seat of his car filled with his samples. After a short hassle we agreed that the other two would accept the ride because they were on KP the following morning and had to get up earlier than I did. I was sure I wouldn't have any trouble getting another ride.

I waited under the street-light for another car. But not one car approached and it got later and later.

I glanced at my watch. It showed almost 1:00 a.m. I grew impatient as I walked back and forth under the light. After a while I looked at my watch again, and it still only showed 1:00 a.m. I lifted it to my ear and listened. It had stopped.

### Footsteps in the night

A few minutes later I heard steps—ominous, heavy, uncertain—coming up the sidewalk. Another couple of minutes went by and then a man came in sight—a big, burly giant of a man with hands like an ape. He must have been in his mid-thirties. The stubble on his face showed he hadn't shaved for at least a day. He was unsteady on his feet, but he still managed to walk fairly erect, and didn't seem belligerent as he came closer.

When he was within about five feet of me, I walked over. "Excuse me," I started out, "would you mind telling me what time it is?"

He stared at me, bleary-eyed.

"My watch stopped," I explained, and stretched my wrist toward him, to show him what I meant. "I have to be back at camp before reveille. . . ."

"Where' you from?" he growled.

I didn't know what this had to do with what I asked, and I was getting annoyed. "What do you mean—where am I from?" I shot back.

"Don't gimme that stuff, soljer boy," he exclaimed. "I says where' you from and I want an answer. . . ."

The man was obviously drunk. I didn't want to get into a fight—and both of us were close to starting it. "Never mind," I said, and walked away, down the street past a vacant lot and along a stone wall.

He came after me, faster than I thought he could move in his condition. "Listen, soljer. . . ." he said. "I don't like the way you comb your hair!"

That did it. I swung around and stared at him angrily. "I've combed my hair this way for years and I don't give a darn

whether you like it or not!" I shouted.

"Tough guy, eh?" he yelled.

"Forget it!" I shouted.

Before I knew what happened, he had me pinned against the wall, his left arm squeezing my neck against the cold stones, his right hand gripping a frog knife. He swung the blade threateningly in front of my eyes.

"You think I dunno how to use a knife, soljer boy?"

I was too angry to realize the danger. Yet, if I hadn't acted instantly, and violently, I may have been stabbed to death.

I raised my knees and kicked him in the stomach. His knife shot past my face within a fraction of an inch and he fell to the ground. I lurched forward, and wung my fist to his chin. Instead of knocking him out, I only made him more furious.

What followed next was a vicious scramble of fists and kicks and scratches—till I suddenly found my left hand gripping his throat, and my right one swinging at his face with a dirty red brick I had somehow picked up from the sidewalk, as we tumbled down the street. Had I hit him with all the force of my anger, I'm sure I would have killed him!

Something held me back. I struggled with myself, my muscles tensed, my teeth gritted in maddening anger—I couldn't move my arm an inch. It was as if I were paralyzed!

Then suddenly I felt as if I were waking up from a bad dream.

The drunk was cold sober now, his bleary eyes pleading for mercy—frightened because he knew that he had come within an inch of his life.

I let go of his neck. Slowly I got up, and let the brick drop heavily to the ground.

And then something curious happened. Something I wouldn't have expected in a million years. Just as if a miracle had happened.

He rose to his feet and brushed the dust off his clothes. He wasn't angry any more, not even frightened. After a few steps he halted and turned around. His cheeks were wet with tears. "Merry Christmas," he said simply as he wiped his face with the cuff of his sleeve. . . .

And then he walked away, calm and erect, a different man from what he had been just ten minutes earlier.

I was a different person, too. I looked up and saw the stars I hadn't noticed before. I felt the clean brisk air of the December night.

I had only one explanation for what kept us from killing one another—that somehow God had intervened. I closed my eyes and said a silent prayer.

And then I saw the convertible approach and without my waving at the driver, he stopped. He was an old man, on his way to work. He had gray hair, and a tired look on his face. "Want a ride, soldier?" he asked.

"You bet I do—if you are going to the base."

He hesitated a moment. "I wasn't really going close to it, but what's a couple of miles? Hop in—I'll take you there. . . ."

When he let me out half an hour later, I turned to him and said, "Thanks—and Merry Christmas."

He looked up in surprise. "But Christmas is still two days away, son. . . ."

"Not for me," I smiled, as I walked toward the gate. "I got my present early. . . ."

This was the very last time I ever lost my temper.

END

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## a miracle saved our baby

(Continued from page 54) accidents had occurred so swiftly, so unexpectedly and with such force that for a time it seemed that Janet's and Tony's dreams for their baby might be shattered.

The first threat to Janet and the baby came on a rainy day in August when Janet was on her way to see her mother, Helen Morrison. She had paused on the bottom of an incline and was about to turn into her mother's driveway when, horrified, she felt the impact of another car ramming into the back of her black Cadillac. So great was the force of the other car, that the entire rear of her car was smashed.

The driver jumped out of his car, and noticing that the pretty girl trembling at the wheel was pregnant, turned pale. Janet was severely shaken up. Later she was to discover that she had suffered a whiplash injury to her neck, but so great was her shock at the moment that she felt no pain then, was unaware of her own physical suffering. Her first thought was, "My baby. My baby."

Her mother drove her to the home of a friend who lived nearby and called Janet's doctor, Dr. Leon Krohn.

"How do you feel?" asked the doctor.

"Dizzy and frightened," replied Janet shakily.

"Go home and get into bed and I'll be right over," he advised.

At the time of this accident, Tony was on the set of his picture, *Some Like It Hot*. Janet didn't want to notify him, knowing that Tony would get so upset he would want to leave in the middle of the picture to be with her. She was determined to say nothing to him till he got home.

But the police had recorded the accident, and it was broadcast in a radio news bulletin. A close friend immediately called Janet. "How are you, Janet? I just heard about the accident."

Then Janet realized that Tony might hear it at any moment. She didn't want him to hear it from anyone but her. She tried to call the studio, but the phones had been shut off on the set. By this time, she was trembling. Wanting desperately to reach Tony, she finally resorted to calling the head of the studio to get a line through to Tony.

"I'll be right over," Tony blurted when Janet told him what had happened.

Although frightened, Janet decided, *I must calm Tony down. There's nothing he can do right now.*

Tony was filled with rage against the other driver, who had so jeopardized Janet and their unborn baby. Immediately, Janet started to defend him. "It wasn't his fault. His brakes didn't hold out because of the rain."

"I want to be with you," Tony said.

"Darling, it isn't necessary. The doctor's here, and so is my mother. I'm under the doctor's care. Everything is being done for me." Finally, she managed to soothe Tony to the point where he agreed to remain on the set.

After she had talked to Tony, Janet lay on the bed shaking.

"Thank God, the baby is all right," was her only thought—but she wondered. The impact had thrust her forward so hard that she had been pushed against the wheel of the car.

She found it hard to follow the doctor's advice to relax. She kept praying that she'd keep her baby. Tony was on the phone every five minutes, his voice revealing the strain, even though he tried to cheer her.

When Tony finally got home, all he cared about and asked about was: "Are you okay? Is the baby okay?"

All that evening, Janet remained quietly in bed—unusual for her because even with help in the house she's always doing something. She lay there quietly, recalling the happy summer. The summer had been a gay cascade of informal poolside parties, with friends dropping in every Sunday. The week-end swim parties had been such a regular feature with their crowd that Tony had named their home Camp Curtis and had bought a load of T-shirts and beanies with Camp Curtis stamped on them which their guests—like Eddie and Debbie, Dean and Jeanne Martin and Lauren Bacall—had playfully donned. She recalled, too, the birthday party Tony had given her in July—her very first birthday party. When she was young, her parents hadn't been able to afford to give her one. This time, Tony had taken over La Scala, an intimate Italian restaurant, for the evening and all her friends had come. There was a large cake and on it a design of Tony and Janet in a pink car racing to the hospital with a wobbly, frosted stork hovering over it all.

And now—her mind pulled back to the present—this accident. She began to think: *Will this interfere with the stork's mission?*

She could feel the baby kicking inside her, and never had the movements of the child meant so much to her.

*He's alive*, she thought, and her heart swelled with gratitude.

For the next week Janet was still very nervous.

But Lauren Bacall, Debbie and Eddie and other close friends came to visit her and comfort her.

Janet nerved herself to sit behind the wheel and start driving again. She knew that if she didn't, she might never again

get the courage to get behind the wheel.

There was a full moon overhead on the balmy Saturday night ten days after her accident when Janet began to feel relaxed and secure again. She and Tony, along with Dean and Jeanne Martin and their good friends, Sammy and Gloria Cahn, were driving home from a dinner party at Peter Lawford's house at the beach.

Sitting in front next to Tony who was at the wheel, Janet was feeling like her old self for the first time since the accident. With the pleasantries of the party behind them, Janet's tensions had begun to subside. In less than two months Cory would be born—the baby for whose existence she had feared only a short while before when she had been so shaken up in the automobile collision. She looked at Tony tenderly, his profile etched in the reflection of the moon, and thought with a full heart, *How lucky I am. God has been so good to us.*

She and Tony became aware of the fact that the car behind them was weaving in and out of traffic, occasionally bumping their own car. Tony was a careful driver, even more cautious since Janet had been shaken up. If there had been anything possible to do to avoid the weaving car, Tony would have done it. Without warning, the car rushed ahead and rammed into the side of their car, where Tony was sitting. There was an awful crash, and their car shook violently.

Janet screamed, "Tony, are you all right?" Then everything became hazy. Hands helped her to a nearby bus bench. She sat there shaking and sobbing.

"When the second collision happened," Janet told me, "my first thought was, *Is my husband dead?* I saw the car coming right at us, and I thought Tony must surely be killed."

"I was in such a state of shock, I couldn't think clearly. I screamed, 'Darling, are you all right?' not sure whether I was talking to warm, human flesh or to a man who had been killed. The other car had smashed right into the side where Tony was sitting. Tony was trying to soothe me, but I didn't hear what he said. My head felt as if all kinds of things were exploding inside it."

"Tony, worried about me, was beside himself. He got me out of the car; I remember hanging on to him. I couldn't believe he was alive. I wanted to touch him to see that he was there beside me."

Frank Sinatra, who'd been the guest of honor at Peter Lawford's party, had been driving the same route home and within a few minutes was behind them. When he saw what had happened, he called an ambulance from the phone in his car.

In the midst of all this hysteria, one of the bystanders came up to Tony and said, "I liked you in *The Vikings*. Did they really cut off your arm in it?"

It was the worst timed question a fan ever asked. Tony looked numbly at the fan, then turned silently and put his arm around Janet, still trembling violently from shock.

"I started to worry about the baby," said Janet. "I was incoherent. Tony kept asking me, 'Are you sure you're all right?' Instead of answering, I begged, 'Are you all right?'"

"By this time I knew I wasn't physically hurt—but how could we tell about the baby? I was so nervous, my stomach hurt from the strain and tension."

"I was lifted into the ambulance, and Tony got in and sat beside me. I was crying and sobbing. In the middle of all this, I looked up at Tony, and saw that he was trying to control his own fears for my sake. I said, 'Darling, this just wasn't my week, was it?' and we both laughed kind of shakily. But the fear was still there."

"When I got to the UCLA Medical Hospital,

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pital, Tony was right with me. The doctors there examined me and I was given a shot to quiet me. My doctor was called again and he told them to send me home in an ambulance, and he'd see me at home. Tony rode with me in the ambulance."

When the ambulance pulled up in the circular driveway and stopped in front of their home, and the attendants had carried Janet out on the stretcher, Tony and Janet discovered they didn't have their housekeys. Tony's keys were still in the car which he'd left behind, and Janet's bag with her housekey in it was missing. (Jeanne Martin had taken it for safe-keeping.) Tony rang the bell and finally their housekeeper, May, came down.

"When she saw the ambulance, she was so terribly alarmed," smiled Janet, "that we had to comfort her."

"Dr. Krohn came and examined me. It seemed like such a long examination because I couldn't wait to hear what he'd find. Finally he said, 'The baby's kicking. Its heartbeat is normal. But your stomach is tight because of the strain and shock. This could start contractions.' He

**Suzy Parker says: "I can't take the fashion world seriously. It's all run by women."**

*Paul Sann  
in the New York Post*

gave me a shot to calm me. Although the shots from the hospital doctor and Dr. Krohn should have knocked me out, I still couldn't fall asleep. We sat up—Tony, the doctor and I—and talked until 5:00 a.m.

"You are very lucky," said my doctor. "So much could have happened."

"Tony and I began to feel: *How lucky indeed we have been. Nothing could have been worse than what could have happened that night. Tony could have been easily killed, the baby lost, our friends hurt. It was completely beyond Tony's power or that of any other driver in his place to have prevented the accident.*"

The other driver, according to news reports, had mistakenly thought his wife was a passenger in another car that was ahead of Tony's, and had tried to chase that car. In his eagerness to get to that car, he had woven in and out of traffic, and finally rammed into the car in which Tony and Janet were riding.

The day after Janet's second accident was a Sunday and several of their Camp Curtis friends came to see her. This time they didn't go swimming or play the kid games Tony used to set up. It was a quiet, somewhat frightened gathering.

"Everything's going to be all right," they told Janet. And hoped it would.

"Tony was in such a state of tension," Janet said, "that he hadn't slept at all. Then he was busy with all the phone calls and our friends. His tension kept him going all day and night. Then, around seven o'clock, with all our friends around, he plopped into a chair and collapsed, falling asleep from utter exhaustion."

Janet paused, and then went on. "You remember, Helen, how heartbroken I was several years ago when I went through a miscarriage, before Kelly Lee was born. At least that time there was the consolation of knowing that such a miscarriage is often God's way of getting rid of a bad pregnancy. But this time, my pregnancy was progressing well. If anything had happened to this baby, it would have been a real unnecessary loss—and thus more difficult to adjust to."

"But God has been good to us. Our whole world could have been shattered that night. It may sound trite to say it, but for

a woman who has known the blessedness of a happy marriage and the joy of beginning to raise a family . . . fame, with all these blessings, is an empty mansion.

"For many years, Tony and I have dreamed of raising a large family. We'd like to have four children. Tony is a natural-born father. He loves children. He came from a small family and always missed the fun of having many sisters and brothers. His younger brother was killed by a truck when Tony was a small boy, and Tony never quite got over that tragedy. When he was fifteen, his brother Bobby was born. Tony had been like a father to Bobby. Most men don't usually become paternal till their own children are born, but Tony felt like a father long before little Kelly Lee was born."

"As for me, before Kelly Lee was born, I used to say, 'Maybe there are people who envy movie stars, and I agree it's a wonderful life. But every time I see a mother wheeling her baby down the street, I always wish I were in her shoes.'"

"After Kelly was born, Tony and I talked of the large family we would raise."

One day last spring Janet, feeling queasy after many mornings like that, decided it was time to see her doctor. He confirmed her happy suspicions and she told Tony that night, but they kept their secret for a month. Then at a party at a friend's house, Janet said, "Guess what? We're going to have another baby."

And from that moment on, she and Tony sailed through the months, actively planning everything wonderful they could for the future Cory.

From the beginning, Tony was very fussy about Janet. Janet's never happy unless she's doing ten things at once, and this time she became so involved in decorating the beautiful new home they had moved into that Tony had to grab chairs and tables out of her hands, as she tried to move them from one end of the room to the other. Tony used to encourage the Camp Curtis fun parties because that was the only way Janet would relax while enjoying her friends; stretching out on a lounge near the pool, lazily floating or laughing as she watched the crowd play kickball or Blind Man's Buff.

Actually, Camp Curtis is their nickname for the most beautiful home they've ever owned. An eighteen-room house on two acres of rolling lawn and pool, a wrought iron balcony circling the upper story and emphasizing its gracious New Orleans charm, the house is across the street from famed Pickfair. Tony, raised in New York's tenements, and Janet, whose childhood had been too pinched to provide her with a birthday party, revelled in their magnificent new home. Tony beamed and said, "I heard a lot about Pickfair when I was a kid. Now I live across the way."

And then the appalling accidents! Twice Janet had been on the brink of losing their child—and twice the baby had been saved by what seemed like Divine Intervention. Two frightened young people realized more than ever that their blessed happiness was not based on living in a gorgeous home, not based on their fame and success. The things that really made them happy were the things that any young couple may be blessed with—love and a family, children to raise and laugh to share.

"We have no way of turning back the clock," said Janet slowly. "What happened, happened. But now we keep telling ourselves how lucky we were. We're lucky that no one was killed."

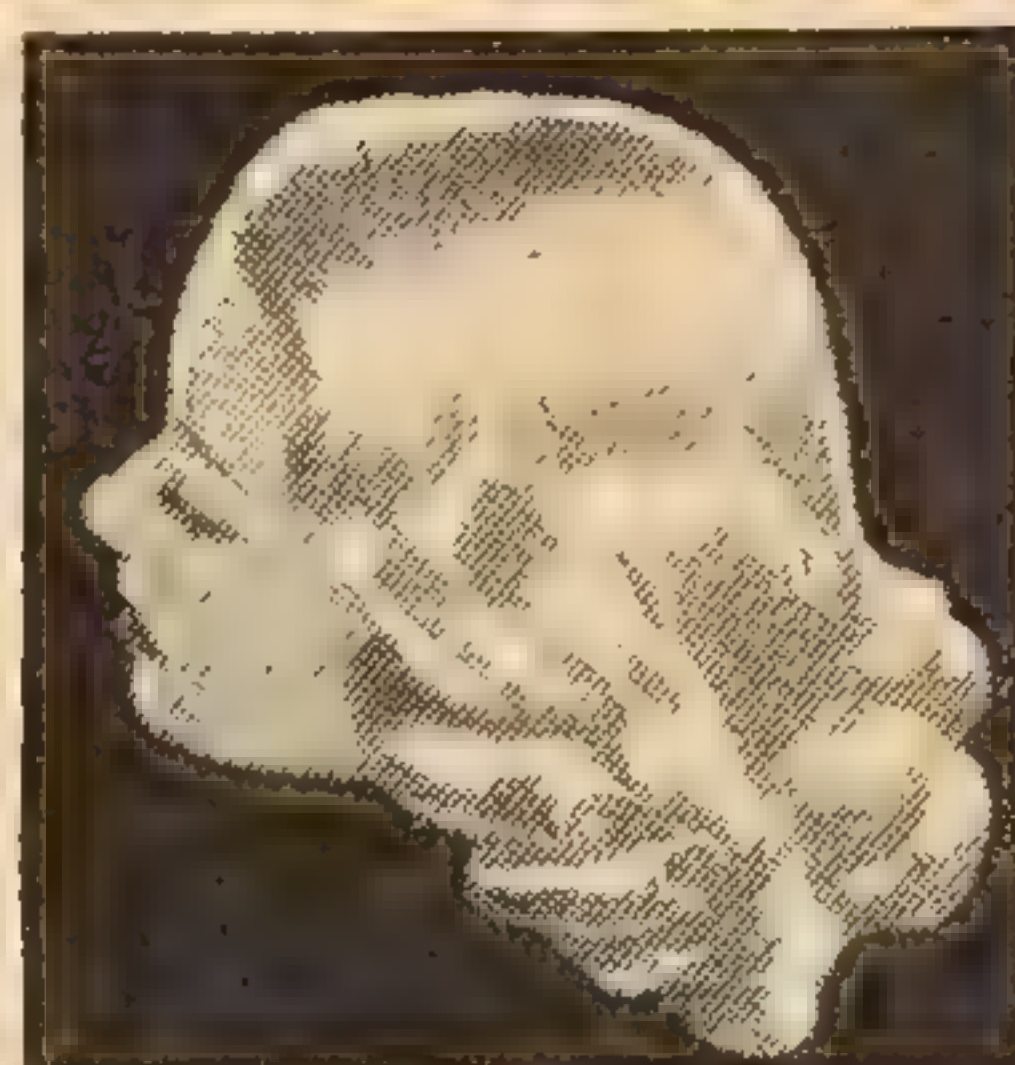
"Tony and I have a feeling of extreme gratitude toward God. Only He could have saved our baby."

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## "don't hurt eddie"

(Continued from page 33) survive and understand for the benefit of my two children."

And, I repeat, it is on this inner strength and understanding on Debbie's part that the future of Liz, 'the most beautiful woman in the world,' and Eddie, the captivated one, will stand or fall.

Will Debbie hold off her divorce and let Eddie and Elizabeth dangle in the throes of an unsanctioned love affair?

Or, in her deep, deep hurt—will Debbie cut the agony short and leave Liz and Eddie free to find out for themselves if the world is well lost for their love—or only that they have lost the love of the world.

I have talked to Debbie practically every day during this tragedy in her life. I have talked with her when she was choked with emotion. I have talked with her when she was shocked, sick, worried, bewildered, aghast, unbelieving, defeated, and (before Eddie's incredible statement that he would have left his wife and children even if he had never known Elizabeth Taylor) in a fighting mood to hold her marriage together.

But I have never once talked with Debbie when she was bitter against—Eddie! Liz, yes. But not Eddie.

"Don't say anything to hurt him," she has begged me time after time. "Don't let anyone do anything to hurt Eddie. More than anyone else except his family and me—you, Louella, know what a really fundamentally sweet person he is." Debbie said this at the beginning and she has continued to say it through all the shocking developments since.

At the start of this shattering triangle which shocked the world and rocked Hollywood, close friends of all three principals tried their hardest to influence the course of the outcome and hold back the holocaust.

Friends of Eddie's, who had his best interests at heart and hated to see him attempt to 'whitewash' Liz Taylor at the expense of his wife and children, begged him not to release his statement:

"In answer to many questions I feel I should say this—Debbie and I tried very hard to make our marriage work. We have been having problems for a long time. Debbie especially has done everything possible to make our marriage succeed. I alone accept full responsibility for its failure.

"Our marriage would have come to an end even if I had not known Elizabeth Taylor. The break-up was inevitable.

"Although I have moved out of my home, I hope to see my children as often as possible. I have confidence that Debbie understands and that our friendly relationship will continue.

"My personal plans for the future are to concentrate on my work and to solve my personal problems with the deepest consideration for all concerned."

I was one who tried to stop this statement. But it was too late. It had gone to the newspapers before I could reach Eddie and tell him that he should never have said this. It wasn't necessary for him to say anything at that time. There was nothing he could say that wouldn't hurt someone, including himself—particularly coming on top of Elizabeth's very callous quotes (at least attributed to her):

"I don't feel I have taken anything away from Debbie Reynolds because Eddie was never in love with her. What am I supposed to do—beg him to go back to her? They would only destroy each other."

And when she was asked about this happening so soon after the death of Mike Todd, her husband and Eddie's closest

friend, Liz is said to have snapped: "He's dead. I'm alive."

As for her romance with Arthur Loew, Jr., the devoted escort of months, who is known to be deeply in love with Liz and hoping to marry her, she (again quoted) said: "I can't help it how he feels."

So for Eddie to side with Liz after this was a terrible blow to Debbie and could only be construed as the remarks of a man blindly, madly in love beyond all reason.

All Hades broke loose against Liz, and I can truthfully say in all my years as a columnist I've never read such bitter and condemning mail—not even in *la affaire* Ingrid Bergman and Roberto Rossellini. Fan clubs were canceling out in all directions. Eddie was said to have been canceled off a guest appearance on a national tv show after an audience hissed at the mention of his name.

As for Elizabeth—I have no words to express the avalanche of blistering criticism she seemed to have set off!

Their friends became desperate—and by friends, I mean those who still felt for Liz and Eddie as well as Debbie.

I happen to know that a famous motion picture couple, heartsick over what had

**Danny Kaye and Ray Bolger were both starring on Broadway simultaneously some years ago—and were asked to perform at an actors' Fund benefit and decided—since they were such big stars—to do *The Hallroom Boys* sketch—about a pair of would-be actors trying to get a chance.**

**A few days after the performance, the Actors' Fund got a letter from a sweet lady who'd seen the show.**

**"It's only fair," she wrote, "that those two young actors, trying so hard to get a break, be given a chance on Broadway. Why don't you help them get an audition?"**

*Earl Wilson  
in the New York Post*

happened to all three of their friends, had quiet talks with all in the hope of at least getting them to stall for time—to see exactly what their true emotions were.

One of the stars suggested that Elizabeth go to New York, go anywhere, until the great hue and cry died down. If what existed between her and Eddie was as strong as they believed, they would have the chance to test their emotions in the cool of reason, not in the heat of 'persecution' raging around them, welding them together 'against the world' as they thought of it.

For one split second, Liz was listening to the New York suggestion. Eddie was the one who stopped her cold. He said if the 'mess' meant his being separated from Liz—he'd give up everything, his career, his future, everything. He wouldn't let her go!

Even Debbie, who had heartbrokenly given up trying to reason with Eddie, admits she tried twice, unsuccessfully, to contact Elizabeth on the phone. She was going to make a fight of it until that crushing "I-would-have-left-home-anyway" statement of Eddie's.

Then there was nothing for Debbie to do but consult a lawyer—no other step was open to her if she was still to maintain her dignity and self-respect.

While I know in her heart she was hoping, is still hoping, the official break seemed to give her courage and fortitude. No longer was she the miserable little

girl, crying her heart out to me over the telephone, "What can I do against the most beautiful woman in the world?"

One thing she could do and had to do was to pick up the pieces, pull herself together, not only for herself but for Carrie Frances and baby Todd.

Although Debbie had been battling with MGM over stories, she immediately accepted a script sent her, ironically titled, *The Mating Game*. Daytimes she spent at the studio on wardrobe fittings and in conferences.

Evenings, she had long talks with her lawyer, or went to picture shows. Or visited with her close, close friends, dancers Marge and Gower Champion.

And, she told me bravely, her eyes—and I guess her heart—dry again, "Don't worry about me. I'm all right. Except for returning to work, right now I'm doing nothing. I mean about Eddie and me."

Her lawyer Frank Belcher said nothing can be done in a hurry anyway. There are many legal aspects which can't be handled in a rush. It can be months before any kind of a property settlement can be reached because all of Eddie's business affairs are taken care of in the East. All this will take time.

The other day, Mr. Belcher said something to Debbie that has helped her a lot. He said a very wise man had once said, "When there is nothing to do—do nothing." I guess another way of saying the same thing is—let Fate take its course. That is what Debbie is going to do. And since she has made up her mind it is the wise course, she is more at peace."

Well, that's more than can be said for Eddie—and I am sure, Liz.

From the very start of this tempest, he has been a sick boy physically. Pounds of weight have dropped off him. He has had a severe attack of mononucleosis. His doctor forbade him appearing at the All-Star charity event that closed the Hollywood Bowl season. (Debbie, too, had to cancel out of this at the last moment on doctor's orders.)

But Eddie canceled himself off Steve Allen's tv show (introducing NBC's star line-up for '58) after the mention of his name had brought on hisses from the audience the week previous.

I know this boy well. He calls me Mom. And you can take my word for it, no matter what kind of a front he's putting up, he's taking this hard!

But he won't listen—and he won't think!

And now we come to Elizabeth, beautiful, luscious Liz—what of her?

She's been in hiding and on a chase from the press, ever since she returned from New York where her storm with Eddie blew up and crashed onto the front pages. Outside of that incredible and callous 'interview' she gave to a columnist she thought was her friend—and you can bet all the wine in France she didn't expect it to be printed!—she had said nothing.

Liz has been staying at the home of her agent, Kurt Frings. She has also had a 'secret suite' she can retire to at the Beverly Hills Hotel where she has installed her three children in the care of a nurse. She was unable to move herself and her family into the new home she recently leased from Tyrone Power because of renovations and interior decorating work she had ordered before the holocaust.

And, of course, she has been seeing Eddie.

I've heard gossip which is almost impossible for me to believe that the *grande passion* between Liz and Eddie started up before that fatal, for both, trip to New York.

Whether it did or it didn't, I agree with Debbie that Eddie was being a wonderful



husband and a devoted family man before his blatantly open dating of Elizabeth in the East, in New York and at Grossingers, the very same famed resort where Debbie and Eddie were married!

I have been asked if I think that entire jaunt to New York was a deliberately planned rendezvous between Liz and Eddie. Did Liz go through all that hocus-pocus of making reservations to Europe, even to engaging suites at hotels in London and Paris, just as a cover up for a short, and I suppose, intended 'quiet' fling with Fisher in New York?

I don't believe it. She also had made plans to meet Arthur Loew, Jr., in Europe, such definite plans that this much smitten (with Liz) millionaire had told a girl friend that he hoped and expected to marry Elizabeth toward the end of the year in Europe!

This more than interesting bit of news came out when the girl who had once been so much in love with Loew she's never gotten over it—had hysterics in a nightclub, crying her eyes out and sobbing, "He's going to marry her, he's going to marry her" over and over again.

Just as much as this girl was in love with young Arthur, he was and probably is, in love with Liz. This movie-millionaire son of a great film veteran has been chased by women who hoped to marry him ever since he was a kid. He's personable, he's handsome, he's a very likeable boy—and he's enormously rich.

But someone close to him tells me, "Arthur never wanted any girl but Liz. She worked for his father's company as a great star. She was constantly involved in romances with other men. Artie didn't think he had a chance with her. But she was always in the back of his heart."

"And then came the tragedy of Mike Todd's death—and Liz's world came crashing in around her. Arthur was there, helping her, sheltering her. Loving her. For six happy (for him) months, it looked as though that love might be returned. At least, he gave up all his time and attention to that end."

Young Loew took Liz to rest and visit at the beautiful ranch of his sister in Arizona. He taught the luxury-loving Liz the fun of riding horseback in the sun, the solace of space, the healing qualities of the 'quiet life.' He taught her so well that she rashly signed a lease on a ranch herself—and then before she moved in, decided, "It wasn't for me. Too many tourists. They aren't used to film stars outside Beverly Hills."

So she came back to the town of glitter where she reigns as a Queen, the devoted Arthur in attendance. If this was the kind

of life she wanted, he was game. He gave a huge party for her—an affair so costly that many surmised he expected Liz to agree to announce their marriage plans during the festivities. But as developed—all that was announced was dinner.

Arthur was her constant and solicitous escort. Anything Liz wanted to do, he did. Any place she wanted to go—he went. They were so inseparable that at the big party at Romanoff's that followed the premiere of *The Big Country*, people watching them dance cheek to cheek, murmured: "It looks as though Arthur has finally won her."

And now they call the Liz-Eddie-Debbie storm a *triangle*! What about Arthur Loew, Jr.? If you ask me, it's more of a tragic *quadrangle*, although for all the attention he's been getting, Arthur Loew, Jr., is really the forgotten man.

But his understanding and love for the 'world's most beautiful woman' hasn't waned in spite of considerable hell and high water! All the time Elizabeth and Eddie were making those big, big headlines out of New York and then out of Hollywood, Liz's children were living at Arthur Loew's home in Beverly Hills! Until she moved them.

What has he had to say? Just a simple little statement, almost overlooked in the bigger fireworks:

"I guess I won't be seeing so much of Elizabeth in the future. She's coming out of her grief—seeing other friends." (This should go on record as the all-time never-to-be beaten understatement of mankind!)

Yes, Arthur admitted gently, he had been in New York at the same time Liz was before she changed her mind and decided to return to Hollywood instead of going to Europe. When asked why he had also changed his mind about his destination and returned to Hollywood alone, he merely shrugged. There were newspapers all over his room which answered that question in big black headlines far better than anything he could say.

A great many people in this town think Elizabeth Taylor missed out on something really good and fine in her life if her friendship and love affair with Arthur Loew, Jr., is really finished.

And there are even more people who wish Arthur had had a happy ending to his love story—not only because of him—but because of Debbie Reynolds and a boy I'm still hoping will see the light—Eddie Fisher.

END

Liz can be seen currently in CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF for MGM.

Debbie will appear in THE MATING GAME for Warners.

## meet your new sons

(Continued from page 49) before you were about to leave, you remembered something and told Shirley about it.

There had been something in the mail that morning, you said, from an organization known as the Foster Parents' Plan. The FPP, you'd learned from reading the pamphlet they'd sent, was designed to provide, by means of donating a certain amount of money every month, for the "care, maintenance, education, training and well-being of overseas children orphaned and distressed and otherwise made destitute."

"I've been thinking about doing something like this for a long time," you told Shirley that night. "What do you think, honey? How does it sound to you?"

"Sounds wonderful," Shirley said.

"I've been thinking, too," you said, "that

instead of just one. What do you think?"

"Good," Shirley said. "Now you can have a couple of sons," she added, laughing.

"What?" you asked her—remember?—pretending to be a little confused.

"Come on now, Pat," Shirley told you. "After four girls of your own, don't tell me you're not going to want to become a kind-of daddy to a couple of little boys this time."

Now you started to laugh, too. It's always struck you as rather fantastic the way your wife can read your mind, and this night in the hospital was no exception. So you laughed with her now and then you kissed her good night and went home to send off your check to help two children somewhere who could use a little help.

You didn't know who they would be yet. As long as they would be made a little happier by this gift of yours—that was all you wanted.

Well, Pat, I have visited both children



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#### Franz

It was freezing cold in the little attic apartment in Regensburg, Germany, that day last January, that day everything terrible seemed to happen to nine-year-old Franz Josef Stelzner and his family.

It was freezing cold because there was no money to buy any fuel. The small government pension Franz's bedridden papa got and the small amount of money his mama made now and then at odd jobs was just not enough to buy fuel to heat their apartment.

It was hard, living like this.

"But still," Mrs. Stelzner would console her little boy, "many people are much worse off than we are, and we have a lot to be thankful for. We have at least enough to pay the rent, and sometimes I think Papa is beginning to get better."

On this particular morning, however, Franz's papa was not getting better. He had been injured long ago in the war, and then he had come down with tuberculosis, and he hadn't been able to work at all for years.

And on this particular morning, Mr. Stelzner had awakened with a violent fit of coughing and with blood rushing from his mouth. Mrs. Stelzner knew that her husband was near death and she'd run out of the house to a telephone to ask the hospital to send an ambulance and take her husband and save him.

Then, a few minutes after the hospital people had come with a stretcher to carry her husband away, Mrs. Stelzner had become suddenly dizzy and she screamed and fell to the floor.

Franz and his little sister Gertraud were in the room with her at the time. Franz rushed over to her and tried to lift her from the floor. He thought at first that she had fainted, the way he'd seen her faint before when she'd been working too hard and had gone without enough sleep for many nights in a row.

But always before, he had been able to rouse her.

And this time, he saw, he could not rouse her. And this time, too, he saw that her face was beginning to change to a strange blue color and that her breathing was very hard and gasping and irregular.

He ran from the house to the street outside.

The ambulance with his father in it was still there, just about to leave. Franz banged on the back door.

"Doctor," he shouted to the man in white, "please come back inside. Something is wrong with my mother."

The doctor took one look at the boy's face, opened the door and jumped out of the ambulance. "Go ahead," he told the driver as he did, "I will see this patient at the hospital in a little while."

Inside the house, the doctor spent a long time examining Mrs. Stelzner.

When he was finished, he explained to Franz and Gertraud that their mother had just had what is known as a mild heart attack, that her condition was not exactly good, that she would have to remain in bed for a long time, that he, the doctor, would stop by to look after her as much as he could.

#### Franz takes the responsibility

Gertraud began to cry when she heard this.

Franz did not cry, however. Things were too serious to cry now. He looked up at the doctor and nodded, as if he understood.

And then he asked, "But they will not die, my mother and my father, will they?"

"Not if we take good care of them, which we will," the doctor said. "Now,"

he went on, "I imagine, young man, that you have some relatives, some aunts or uncles, who can come help take care of your mother and the house while she is sick?"

"I have an aunt," Franz said, not adding that his aunt was a widowed woman with children and without too much time to leave her own house and family.

"And I imagine," the doctor said, "that she will bring over provisions, foodstuffs, and help take care of the eating?"

"Yes," Franz said, not mentioning to the doctor that his aunt was as poor as they were and that there would be little chance of her being able to bring them more than a loaf of bread and some wurst occasionally.

The doctor reached into his pocket and put four marks into Franz's hand. "Meanwhile," he said, "use this to buy some meat for soup or some oranges. Just until tonight, until your aunt comes by with something else. . . ."

On the way to the store, Franz stopped at his aunt's house to tell her what had happened. When she met him at the door, she was holding her youngest child, who was crying weakly.

"Oh I am so sorry, dear little Franz," she said sadly when she heard the terrible news, "there is nothing I can do to help you. The baby is sick and I cannot leave him to come to your house. And I cannot even give you any money, because there isn't any to give. But here, I can give you some of this soup I made. It will nourish your mama."

The baby in her arms moaned.

The aunt brushed a tear from her cheek and sighed, "Ach, these are hard times. I wish there was something I could do for you—"

"Aunt," Franz said, "there is something I can do. I have four marks to buy food, and you must take two. Something will work out . . . The good Lord will not forget us. . . ."

And as Franz walked home carrying the few groceries that two marks bought, home to the small cold apartment where his sick mother lay, he hoped, hoped very hard, that he could really believe that—that something good would happen. . . .

About this same time, Pat and Shirley, there was another hungry, frightened little boy who would soon be rescued from terror because you had become his foster parents. . . .

#### Giuseppe

Giuseppe Marcelli, the Italian boy, had just turned six. He was a small, round-faced boy with straight brown hair and big brown eyes. He lived in a makeshift hut in Carchitti, a suburb of Rome, a town of makeshift huts, new-built for the people of that area after the war but cheap-built, too, and already old with dirt and bugs and damp walls and floors. He lived in the hut with his baby brother, Domenico, and his mother and father.

His father, a poor farm laborer, got sick early in January. The sickness began with a lot of sneezing one night. Then a fever came. And then the man, normally so strong and hearty, discovered the next morning that he could not get out of bed because his legs would not hold him.

"We will get a doctor," his wife said to him.

"We cannot afford that," the sick man said.

"We have saved 1800 lire and we will use it to pay the doctor," his wife said.

She walked to the other side of the room where her two sons lay sleeping.

"Giuseppe," she said, rousing the older one. "Please, go to the vase where we keep the money and take it all and go ask the doctor to come, quickly."

Giuseppe jumped out of bed. He rushed to the vase and got out the money, about three dollars in American money. He knew that his mother could not perform this task because she had been crippled for so long with a sickness of the hands, a rheumatism, they called it, a very bad rheumatism. So he got the money now and then he rushed out of the house and ran all the way to the neighboring town of Labico to fetch the doctor.

When Giuseppe returned home with the doctor a little while later, his father was dead.

"The Asiatic flu," the doctor said, turning to Mrs. Marcelli, "it has taken this good young man away. I am sorry. . . ."

Because Mrs. Marcelli couldn't afford to have her husband embalmed and have him laid out for the traditional three days of respect, the funeral took place the next morning.

After the funeral, little Giuseppe had a talk with his mother.

"Now I must go to work," the six-year-old boy said.

His mother bent to kiss him. She shook her head. "You are good, my baby," she said, "but what can you do?"

"You cannot work," Giuseppe said, stealing a look at her lame hands, "so then I must find something to do, no?"

He didn't wait for an answer. Instead, he ran out of the hut and to the big tomato field not far away, where his father had worked until he'd gotten sick.

He walked straight up to the *padrone*, the bossman.

"I am Giuseppe Marcelli," he said. "My father is dead. Now I shall work in his place."

The *padrone* laughed. "Children," he said. "That is all I need. Go away, little boy. Go home."

Giuseppe begged. He showed his little arm to the *padrone* and he pointed proudly to the small muscle there. "See?" he asked. "See how strong I am?"

The *padrone* didn't bother to look. Still laughing, he walked away.

#### Like the horses and mules . . .

When Giuseppe got home that afternoon he told his mother that he had had no luck yet, but he told her not to worry. He would think of something, he said.

"I know that Poppa is gone and I have got to help," he said.

His mother nodded, sadly.

"To help now—" she started to say.

"What, Mama, what can I do?" Giuseppe asked.

"To help now," his mother said, "you could—you could go and pick some grass from the field. We do not eat tonight otherwise, Giuseppe. Tomorrow the woman who lives near the church said she will bring some macaroni and tomorrow we will have that. But tonight, Giuseppe, there is nothing in the house. So maybe if you pick some grass in that field outside the town where it grows tall and very green I can clean it in the water and cook it and—"

Mrs. Marcelli had begun to cry as she talked, and Giuseppe began to cry with her.

"Like the horses and the mules we must eat tonight," Mrs. Marcelli said, sobbing.

"That is all right, Mama," Giuseppe said, wiping away his own tears. "The grass, I bet it will not taste so bad."

A little while later, he left the house. He was walking past the tomato field where he had tried to get work that afternoon and was on his way to the field his mother had talked about when he met a friend of his, a boy named Beppe.

"Where are you going, Giuseppe?" Beppe asked.

Giuseppe told him.

"Why?" Beppe asked.



Giuseppe told him why he was going. "You fool," Beppe said. "Why go pick grass when you can take some of these tomatoes and really fill your stomach with food tonight? Look—everyone has left and gone home, even the *padrone*. See? There is no one here. And look, look at those tomatoes."

It was as he talked that Giuseppe felt the wind suddenly blow past him and he heard someone call out his name.

"Giuseppe!" he thought he heard the voice call out.

He looked around.

There was no one there.

"Poppa?" Giuseppe whispered. It had sounded, he knew, like his dead father's voice. "Poppa?"

Then he remembered something his dead father, buried only that morning, had told him a few months ago.

"Stealing is wrong," his father had said. "God does not look as kindly on thieves as he does on honest people. God asks only that you pray to Him when you need Him, and then He will help you."

"No," Giuseppe told Beppe, "it is wrong what you tell me to do. I cannot take the tomatoes. They are not mine."

And then he walked away from the boy, continuing on his way to the grassfield way outside the town.

As he walked he looked not at the road ahead, but up at the big gray sky above and he asked, "Was my poppa right, God? Will You do something to help us the way he said to me You would, if I pray to You the way I am praying now . . .?"

#### And now to live again . . .

Well, Pat, you know how the stories end. You have received some letters from Franz and Giuseppe and some snapshots. And when I visited the boys, I asked them if

they'd like to send a message with me.

This is what Giuseppe said:

"I love my Signor Boone," he said. "I have no poppa anymore and one day I find out from the postman who brings a big package and some money that I have a new poppa far away. The people here in Carchitti tell me that Signor Boone makes records and moving pictures and sings. I do not know, because here in Carchitti we have no theater and no victrola and I cannot hear for myself. But I know that he is a good man and that since his packages and his money have been coming my mother does not worry so much anymore and her lame hands are getting well and we are able to eat all the time. I thank Signor Boone for the other things he has sent me, too. He has sent me shoes. And he has sent me a rubber ball. I never had a rubber ball before. Also, one of the people in my village tells me that Signor Boone has a beautiful wife and beautiful children. I want to tell them all hello from Giuseppe Marcelli in Carchitti and to send them a basket of my kisses. I want to tell them when I get big I will be a mechanic, I have decided. And I want them to know that I will save money from my work so that if they ever need me to fix anything they own, if they ever need a good mechanic, I will take the ship and go to America and fix it for them. When I tell this to my friends they laugh. But I tell them it will be a way of saying thank you."

Franz wanted to send a letter back to you. Here it is; I've had it translated:

Dear Foster Uncle, Aunt and Girls,  
Your Franz Josef is wishing to all of you good health and God's blessings. How are you? I hope you are hale and well and I wish this to you with all my heart. I am also well, only my dear parents are still sick. My mother suffers from the heart, but she is a little

better since your help has come and she can already cook, clean and take care of us again. The money you have sent for the medicines has caused that. My father is still suffering and though he is out of the hospital he must stay in bed all the time. But he now is able to smile when he thinks of all the cares you are taking off us. Now we can get fruits, and some clothes I also bought with your money already. You have made things very different for us. You have sent us money when we needed it so much and you have sent me so many things. I want to thank you for the winter coat, for the nice jacket, the pants, and shorts, T-shirt, sport shirt, the hankies, the tie and the socks. I also want you to know that you are famous here in Germany, too, and I am very proud of you. God bless you.

Your Franz

. . . There's very little left for me to say, Pat. The boys have spoken simply and well.

I would, however, like to add my own thanks to you.

I'd like you to know, Pat, that you are clearly the kind of guy who makes Hollywood a better place to write about, the world a better place in which to live.

Thanks, then, from all of us at MODERN SCREEN, for that.

Sincerely,

*David Myers*

Editor

The headquarters of the FOSTER PARENTS' PLAN, INC. is at 352 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

## \$150 FOR YOU!

Fill in the form below (or a reasonable facsimile thereof) as soon as you've read all the stories in this issue. Then mail it to us right away. Promptness counts. Three \$10 winners will be chosen from each of the following areas—on a basis of the date and time on your postmark: Eastern states; Southern states; Midwestern states; Rocky Mountain and Pacific states; Canada. And even if you don't earn \$10, you'll be glad you sent it in—because you're helping us pick the stories you'll really love. MAIL TO: MODERN SCREEN POLL, BOX 2291, GRAND CENTRAL STATION, N. Y. 17, N. Y.

Please circle the box to the left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

#### 1. I LIKE LIZ TAYLOR:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot  
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all  
☐ 6 am not very familiar with her

#### I LIKE DEBBIE REYNOLDS:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot  
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all  
☐ 6 am not very familiar with her

#### I LIKE EDDIE FISHER:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot  
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all  
☐ 6 am not very familiar with him

I READ: ☐ 1 all of their story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely  
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little  
☐ 5 not at all

#### 2. I LIKE SOPHIA LOREN:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot  
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all  
☐ 6 am not very familiar with her

I READ: ☐ 1 all of her story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

#### IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely

- ☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little  
☐ 5 not at all

#### 3. I LIKE DIANE JERGENS:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot  
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all  
☐ 6 am not very familiar with her

#### I LIKE PETER BROWN:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot  
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all  
☐ 6 am not very familiar with him

I READ: ☐ 1 all of their story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely  
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little  
☐ 5 not at all

#### 4. I LIKE JEAN SEBERG:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot  
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all  
☐ 6 am not very familiar with her

#### I READ: ☐ 1 all of her story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely  
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little  
☐ 5 not at all

#### 5. I LIKE GENE TIERNEY:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot  
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all  
☐ 6 am not very familiar with her

I READ: ☐ 1 all of her story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely  
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little  
☐ 5 not at all

#### 6. I LIKE PAT BOONE:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot  
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all  
☐ 6 am not very familiar with him

I READ: ☐ 1 all of his story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely  
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little  
☐ 5 not at all

(see other side)



## who can I run to?

(Continued from page 60) had started and the young nun had begun lecturing before she looked down at the hand-printed questionnaire.

She scanned the questions quickly.

Have you ever been alone with a boy? was the first.

What was the first thing he said? was the second.

What was the first thing he did? was the third.

She had barely started answering them when she heard the voice shout out: "Diane!"

Her head jerked up.

She saw the nun hurrying up the aisle, toward her, asking, "What are you writing?"

There was no time for Diane to hide the paper.

The nun grabbed it and began to read it.

As she did, Diane stared at the small silver crucifix that lay sad and shining against the deep black habit.

"Diane!" the nun said, shocked, a moment later.

Again, Diane's head jerked up.

"Yes?" she asked. She was scared. But she tried her best not to look it. "Yes?"

"Come with me," the young nun said, tugging at her hand. "I want to have a little talk with you."

The talk, in a small bare room down the hall, lasted only a few minutes.

"Why," the nun asked, "why do you sit in class with an unholy piece of paper such as this in front of you and honor it and make yourself evil and bad by honoring it?"

"But most of the other girls have filled theirs out," Diane said, remembering what the fat girl had told her in the cor-

ridor a little while earlier. "I just—"

"Who gave it to you?" the young nun demanded. "Tell me, Diane, or I warn you, I'll have to take you to Mother Superior and she'll take some drastic action, I'm sure of that . . . Now tell me. Who gave it to you?"

"I can't say," Diane answered. . . .

"I can't say," she answered the Mother Superior a few minutes later. "It wouldn't be right. She's a friend of mine. I can't say."

It was a few minutes after that when Diane followed the Mother Superior and the young nun back into the classroom. The three of them walked to the front of the room. The Mother Superior spoke.

She told the girls that Diane Varsi had been caught with a shameful piece of paper in her possession, that Diane Varsi claimed someone in this classroom had given it to her but that she had refused to name the person.

"If that person does not confess immediately," the Mother Superior concluded, "Diane Varsi will be expelled from this convent as of right now. For we will then have to assume that no one gave it to her."

The room was very quiet.

For a full minute it remained quiet.

During that minute Diane looked around, from girl's face to girl's face. When her eyes finally met the eyes of the fat girl, the friend who'd given her the paper—she stared pleadingly at those eyes and those eyes stared back hard—at hers.

"Well," she heard the Mother Superior say, suddenly, when the minute was over, "I'm afraid that I shall have to call your parents and tell them that you can no longer attend this school. . . ."

She led the way to the office where the call was made—to her ill mother.

Mrs. Varsi's reaction was a surprise to

Diane. "No, do not call a cab to bring her home. I will come for her myself."

Carefully shunned, Diane had no choice but to sit there in silence and wait.

Her mother finally came. She heard, in detail, the reason for the expulsion. She listened with a calm that amazed Diane.

Even more amazing was what she said at the finish of the story. "My dear Mother Superior, my daughter has always been taught to be loyal. I think she did right." With that, she stood up and nodded to Diane that they could leave now.

She had never felt so close to her mother as she did on that ride home. But, once there, her mother had to go to bed with another of her migraine headaches. And Diane was alone to think her thoughts.

So what that I got kicked out of that place and they don't want me anymore? Diane thought. I have my family. And they'll understand. Even though we're not a close family like some of the others around here, always hugging and kissing and making all that kind of fuss; even though my mother and father are nervous and always fighting and don't seem to have too much time for me—they'll still understand about this, my family, they'll understand."

Gail, her sister, two years younger, came in from school. Diane told her about the expulsion. "Now what'll you do?" Gail asked, her tone implying that she would never get in such a fix, herself, and she went off to a girlfriend's house.

When Mr. Varsi came home that night he listened to Diane and sighed deeply. "I've said it before and I'll say it again—Trouble should be your middle name," he said. And he walked away.

Upstairs, her mother was asleep—oblivious to the turmoil Diane was in.

It was then, at that moment, that Diane made her vow.

### 7. I LIKE BRIGITTE BARDOT:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot  
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all  
☐ 6 am not very familiar with her

I READ: ☐ 1 all of her story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely  
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little  
☐ 5 not at all

### 8. I LIKE JANET LEIGH:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot  
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all  
☐ 6 am not very familiar with her

### I LIKE TONY CURTIS:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot  
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all  
☐ 6 am not very familiar with him

I READ: ☐ 1 all of their story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely  
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little  
☐ 5 not at all

### 9. I LIKE JIMMIE RODGERS:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot  
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all  
☐ 6 am not very familiar with him

I READ: ☐ 1 all of his story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely  
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little  
☐ 5 not at all

### 10. I LIKE DIANE VARSİ:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot  
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all  
☐ 6 am not very familiar with her

I READ: ☐ 1 all of her story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely  
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little  
☐ 5 not at all

### 11. I LIKE TAB HUNTER:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot  
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all  
☐ 6 am not very familiar with him

I READ: ☐ 1 all of his story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely  
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little  
☐ 5 not at all

### 12. I READ ☐ 1 all of WHAT MY FAITH MEANS TO ME ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 completely  
☐ 2 fairly well ☐ 3 very little ☐ 4 not at all

13. The stars I most want to read about are:

(1) \_\_\_\_\_ MALE

(2) \_\_\_\_\_ MALE

(3) \_\_\_\_\_ MALE

(1) \_\_\_\_\_ FEMALE

(2) \_\_\_\_\_ FEMALE

(3) \_\_\_\_\_ FEMALE

AGE . . . . . NAME . . . . .

ADDRESS . . . . . STREET . . . . .

CITY . . . . . ZONE . . . . . STATE . . . . .



She clenched her fists and held them tight against her sides.

"I don't know what I want to do when I grow up," she told herself. "But I know this. There's one thing I'll always be able to do. I'll always be able to do what isn't easy to do."

## Two

It was a little more than a year later and Diane was sitting in the drugstore, nibbling away at a sundae, talking to her girlfriend, and trying very hard to be honest and different, and sophisticated, too, for she was fifteen now and it was quite an important thing to be sophisticated at that age.

"I got kissed last night," Diane said.

She waited for the other girl to react. The girl smiled.

"Honest," Diane said, "I got real honest kissed."

"Last night I went out with this fellow. You don't know him. He's out of school already. He's five years older than I am, in fact. He's just about twenty. And after we went driving around for a while he parked the car and he started to kiss me. It was so strange, at first. He kissed me on the lips and then on my neck and then all over my face. And it felt so nice, I just let him keep doing it for a while. And when he was through I said, 'Why did you kiss me like that, all over my face?' and he said, 'I don't know.'"

Diane laughed. Then she noticed that her friend made a face.

"You . . . you don't think I did bad, do you?" she asked suddenly, dropping her sophistication and most of her smile.

"Oh no, of course not," the other girl said. "I think it's really something. And I'm glad you told me. After all, that's what girlfriends are for, isn't it? To talk and tell each other their secrets and everything?"

Diane nodded.

She felt lots better.

"That's right," she said. . . .

It was just before gym class in school the next day when Diane heard the girls behind the long file of lockers talking away.

"And then, I hear," one of the girls was saying, "he began to kiss her all over the face and neck and she let him keep on doing it—because it felt so nice, our little Miss Varsi said."

There was a roar of laughter.

"She said it was so terribly exciting," the girl went on.

"I'll bet," another girl joined in.

"Did she say what happened after that?" a third girl asked.

"Did she have to?" the first girl asked back.

Again there was laughter.

"How trumpy can you get?" one of the girls asked them.

"How trumpy is right," another girl said.

"I bet—" still another girl started to say, "I mean, when you really begin to wonder why she was kicked out of that other school—"

Diane didn't stick around long enough to hear the rest of it. For she ran down the corridor to the girls' room now and she locked herself inside one of the booths. And, standing against the tin partition, she closed her eyes, closed them tight, so her tears wouldn't get through and go streaming down her cheeks, as if she were some silly stupid kid, just like the rest of these silly stupid kids she knew—and didn't ever want to have anything to do with again—ever. . . .

## Three

It was one night a few weeks later now. There had been a terrible argument at

home between Diane and her parents. It had ended up with her father shouting her down and sending her up to her room.

It was a little after midnight when Diane decided to run away. She got out of bed, got dressed and walked over to the window, ready to climb out of it and lose herself in the big world down below.

Gail awoke from the noise of the opening window.

"Where you going, Diane?" she asked, rubbing the sleep from her eyes.

Diane tiptoed back to her sister's bed. She opened the little purse she was carrying. "Gail," she said, "I want you to promise not to tell Mama and Poppa that I've gone."

"But where you going?" Gail asked.

Diane didn't answer. "Here," she said, reaching into the purse. "Here's all the money I've got. Look." She took it out, one bill and some change, and counted. "A dollar-forty," she said. "This is all yours if you don't say anything."

Gail was obviously impressed by the sum, and much too tired to ask any further questions.

"Okay," she said, turning over in her bed and going back to sleep, not bothering to watch her sister tiptoe back to the window and slip out of the room. . . .

Diane walked the streets of town, headed for nowhere—but away, just away.

She hadn't walked far, though, when the cold night air began to seep through her skin and she started to shiver.

She kept on walking. But after a while her legs began to feel numb and she wondered why she hadn't worn her heavy coat and why she'd picked a night such as this to run away.

She tried walking just a little more. But it was too cold, much too cold.

And so she turned and went back home and climbed back up to her room and got undressed and went back to bed.

Tomorrow, she thought again, tomorrow I'll decide what to do.

And then she fell asleep. . . .

At breakfast the next morning, Gail smiled a knowing smile and turned to their mother. "Mama," she said, "I have a dollar-forty."

"Really?" Mrs. Varsi asked. "And where did you get it?"

Gail told about what had happened the night before and, ending it dramatically, handed the money back to her sister.

Diane jumped up from her chair.

"You promised you wouldn't tell," she said.

She turned to look at her mother now. She was really going to get it from her mother now, she knew.

"You were wrong, Gail," Mrs. Varsi said after a long moment. "You broke a promise to your sister."

The younger girl shrugged and got on with her breakfast.

"And you," Mrs. Varsi asked, turning to Diane, "aren't you planning to eat this morning?"

Diane nodded and sat down. She'd wanted to talk up right now. She'd wanted to rush over to her mother and throw her arms around her and thank her for being good and for being fair.

But her mother had turned around already and was back at the stove.

So Diane—though she couldn't get herself to say the things she wanted to say now, to do the thing she wanted to do now—nodded and sat down. And for the first time in a long time she felt that there was good in this lonely, mixed-up world of hers—goodness and fairness and love.

She loved her mother very much that morning. She continued loving her for the rest of that day and the next and the next.

But then, less than a week later, there

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was another fight, again with both her parents. There were hot words and she got shouted at again and was sent up to her room.

And that night, when she ran away, she made sure to wear her heavy coat and to pack some clothes into a valise and not to give away what little money she had, and she swore that this time she was running away for good.

#### Four

It was a year later. Diane was nearly seventeen. A lot had happened to her since that day she'd left home. She'd come to Los Angeles. She'd met a boy, married him, fought incessantly with him and had the marriage annulled. Then she'd become interested in acting. Suddenly, acting meant everything to her. Acting, she decided, would be her life from now on. She sacrificed a lot for it. She got a little money from her grandfather, her father's father, and she used that money to pay the rent and finance the acting lessons. But there was little money left for food, and so she didn't eat properly. And after a while, she noticed that she was becoming more and more sick to her stomach. But still, she had a dream and what did it matter if she had to get sick to realize that dream.

And then the day came when the pain in her stomach was too great. She woke up one morning and fainted. Her landlady found her lying on the floor near the bed and called the doctor.

"You realize you are pregnant?" the doctor asked her when he was finished with his examination.

Diane shook her head.

The doctor looked around the room, then back at Diane and the narrow bed on which she lay.

"You're a sick girl," the doctor said. "And you obviously have no money. Don't you think you could go back to your husband, now that this has happened?"

"No," Diane said. "I can't go back. I won't go back."

"How will you take care of yourself?" the doctor asked. "You're too weak to work, you know."

"I don't know what I'm going to do," Diane said. "I—I only know one thing, Doctor. That I must study. I want to be an actress. . . ."

The doctor told her that this was a bad thing she was doing, that she would endanger her life and the life of her child.

"But I can't do anything else," Diane said.

"Then you don't really care what happens," the doctor said, rising.

"I do," Diane said. "Won't you understand that? I do care. But—"

The doctor glanced at his watch. He was late for his next appointment, he said. He had to go.

"But—" Diane called out again as he walked away and toward the door and closed the door behind him, "but you don't understand!"

She shook her head again and then she brought her hands up to her stomach. Slowly, she lifted her head from her pillow and she looked down at her hands and, as if she were looking through those hands now—through that portion of her body she covered with them—deep inside her womb and at the growing seed there—she whispered:

"You understand, don't you, my baby? You understand. . . .!"

#### Five

The day of the nervous breakdown began quietly. Diane got up at six o'clock, washed, dressed, kissed her sleeping boy, Shawn—nearly sixteen months old now—good-bye, left a few instructions with the housekeeper and drove to Twentieth Cen-

Diane was a movie star and production on her third and latest picture, *Ten North Frederick*, was nearing an end.

She had a tough scene to do that morning. She had to stand and listen to the actress who was playing her mother shout at her for something she had done and then slap her furiously across the face.

They shot the scene once. And then they shot it again. And again. And again.

In the middle of the fourth shooting Diane began to feel her legs go weak. Then she felt the perspiration break out under her make-up, then through it, so that her face was hot now, feverishly hot. Then she found it hard to keep her eyes open, they were so suddenly heavy. And then her head began to spin, swiftly, as if it had been caught in a whirlwind of warm, twirling air.

And then she blacked out. . . .

At the hospital, a doctor said that she was suffering from nervous exhaustion, that she must rest for a while.

"She won't tell me much, she's very silent," he said to another doctor later; "but her condition is obviously the result of all the pressures that have been building up inside her over the years."

Diane recovered quickly. She was told she could leave the hospital a week after she'd checked in.

"My," a nurse said to her the night before she left, "you'll be going home first thing in the morning and won't that be nice?"

"Yes," Diane said, "I can't wait."

"And won't it be nice to see your little boy?" the nurse asked.

"Yes," Diane said.

"It's important to have someone to love," the nurse said. "And—and it's important to have some one to love you, too."

The nurse stared at her wisely.

"I don't mean to say what it's not my place to say," she said, "but it's true, you know. It is important to have someone to love you, too."

#### Six

Diane was about to leave the hospital. It was the next morning and she sat in her room, all dressed, watching the rain fall heavily outside the open window, and waiting for an attendant to come tell her her cab was ready.

As she sat, she thought of those words she'd been thinking about ever since the night before—the nurse's words:

*It is important to have someone to love you, too.*

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Diane knew they were true words.

But who? she kept asking herself, over and over. A man? A husband? A family?

Mama, she thought now. The word had come suddenly from out of nowhere, it seemed to go straight to her brain, and it wouldn't go away now.

Mama? she wondered. *It is my mother I want now? Is it? Is it?*

Diane shook her head again.

The word wouldn't let go.

But why? Diane asked herself.

She tried remembering back to the years, so long ago it seemed now, the years when she was a girl and lived at home, those years of confusion and heartache and of arguments all the time.

She tried to remember *that*, and she hoped that by remembering it she could get the word that was clinging to her brain now to let go.

She tried. But, still, the word was there.

She thought next, unable to help thinking about it now, to a time once when she was thirteen or fourteen years old and she'd had some words with her mother.

"I'm not well," her mother had said afterwards. "I've been ill for a time now, in bed and with medicines and everything. I hope that sometimes you understand that, Diane. Do you?"

Diane wondered what she had said in answer to this. She wondered whether she, the girl who'd always felt so misunderstood, had understood that particular question.

And as she wondered, another time came back to her mind now, a morning at breakfast when her sister had tattled on her—something about a dollar-forty and an escape through the window, wasn't it?—and her mother had told her sister that *she* was wrong for tattling, not Diane for having done whatever she'd done, and Diane remembered now how she'd loved her mother for that at the time, how fair she thought her mother had been, and how good.

Diane remembered too, how she'd wanted to embrace her mother then, to tell her how much she'd loved her for that.

"But I didn't," she told herself now. "whatever the reason was, I didn't. And maybe if I had—"

Again, she shook her head.

"It's so late now," she thought.

She sat back in the chair.

And then her eyes caught sight of the phone that sat on a little table on the other side of the room.

She stared at the phone for one, two, three minutes.

Then she got up and rushed over to it.

She picked up the receiver.

"Hello," she said, "Operator? I'd like to place a long-distance call. . . ."

It had stopped raining when Diane left the hospital a little while later. The sun was shining, in fact, as she got into the cab that had been ordered for her.

"Where to, Miss?" the cabbie asked.

To the little house, Diane wanted to say, where my little boy is waiting for me and where my mother is coming to stay for a while—yes, I just spoke to her and she's coming!—and where everything is going to be so nice and wonderful between the three of us. To that little house, please.

But instead Diane simply gave the address, and the cabbie muttered a quick okay, completely oblivious to the fact that he was about to drive this pretty young passenger of his from the lowest point in her life to what she prayed would be the beginning of that happiness she had never known before. . . .

END

Diane can soon be seen in *COMPULSION* for 20th





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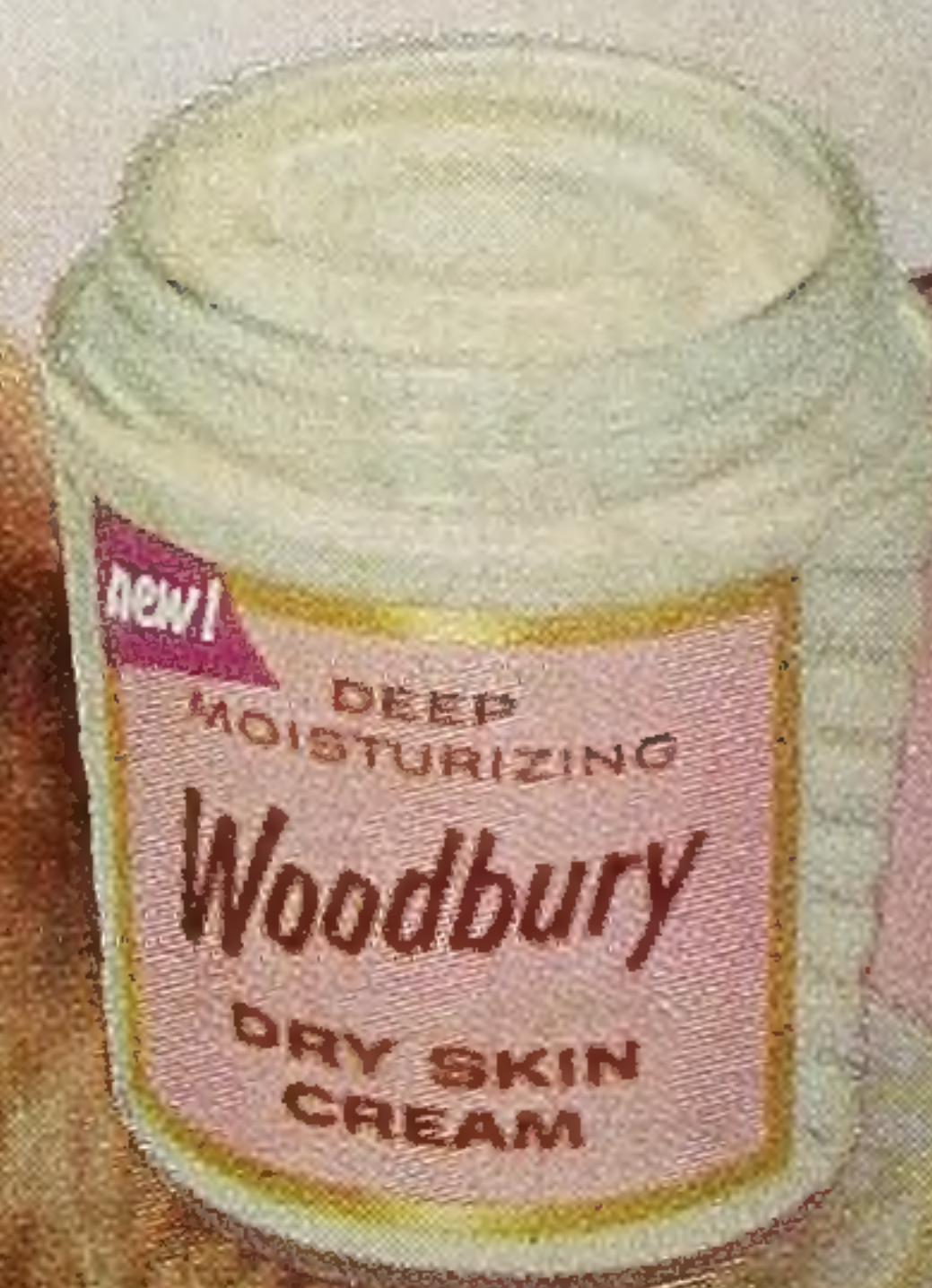


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